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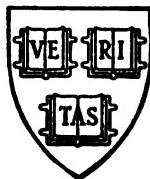
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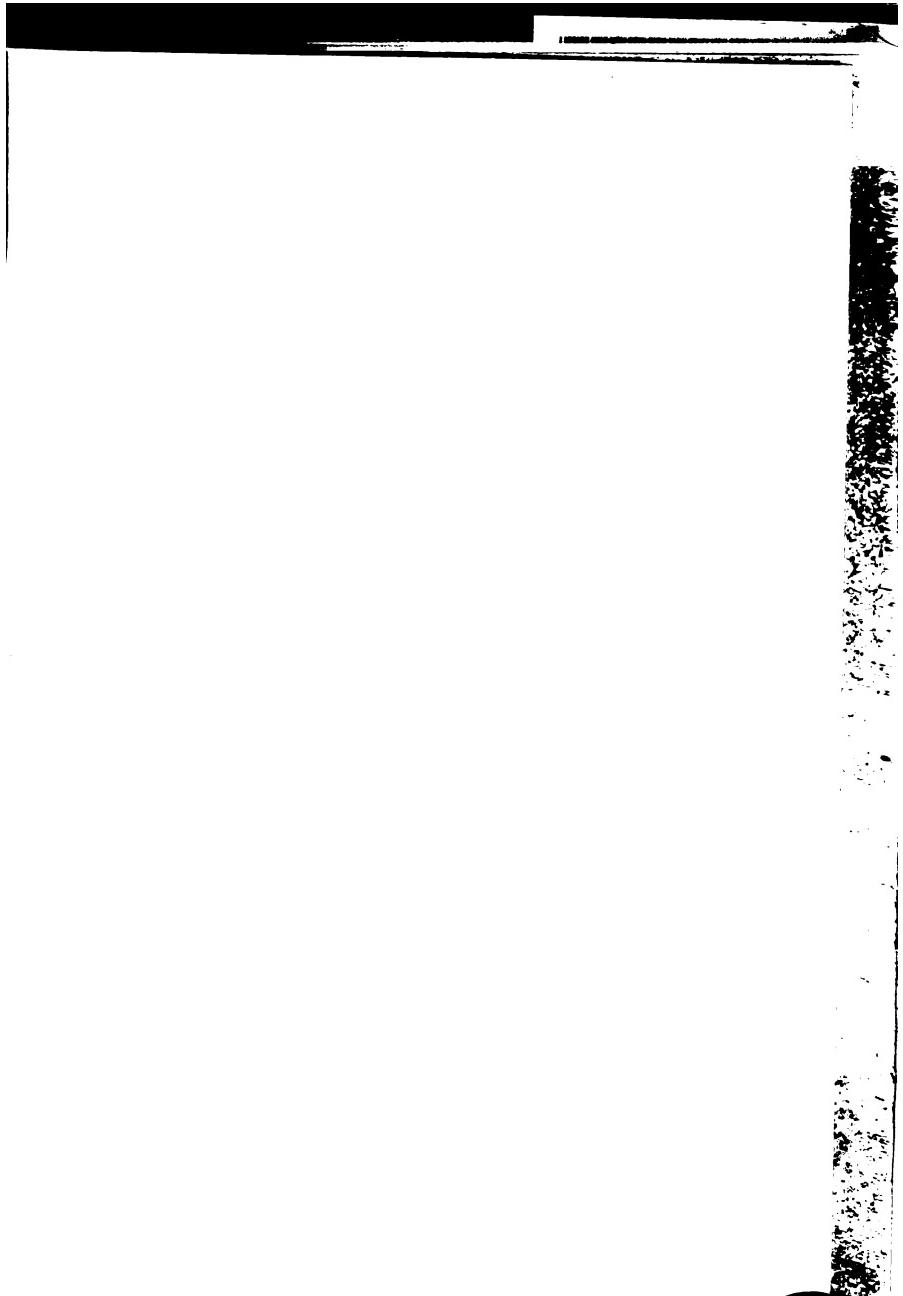
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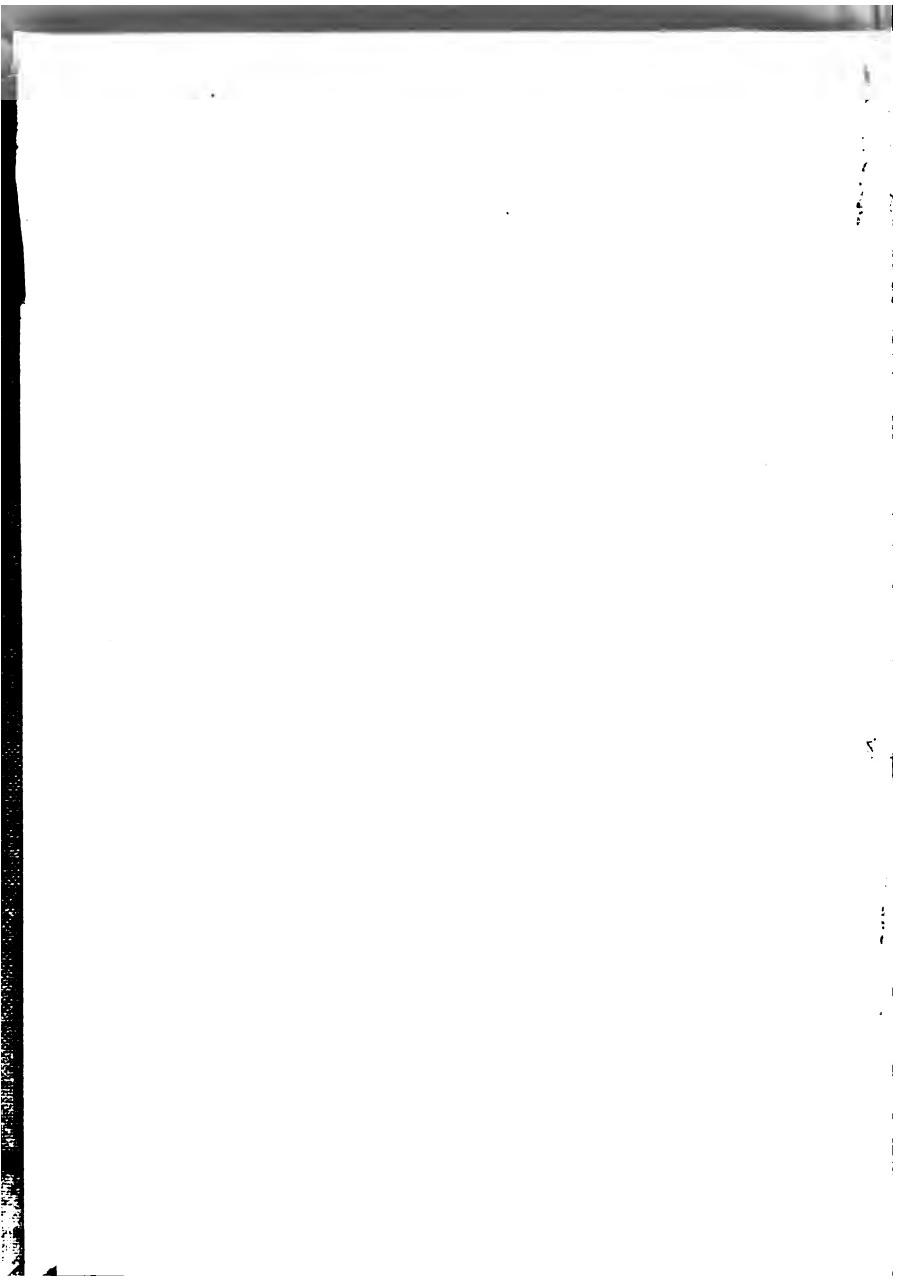
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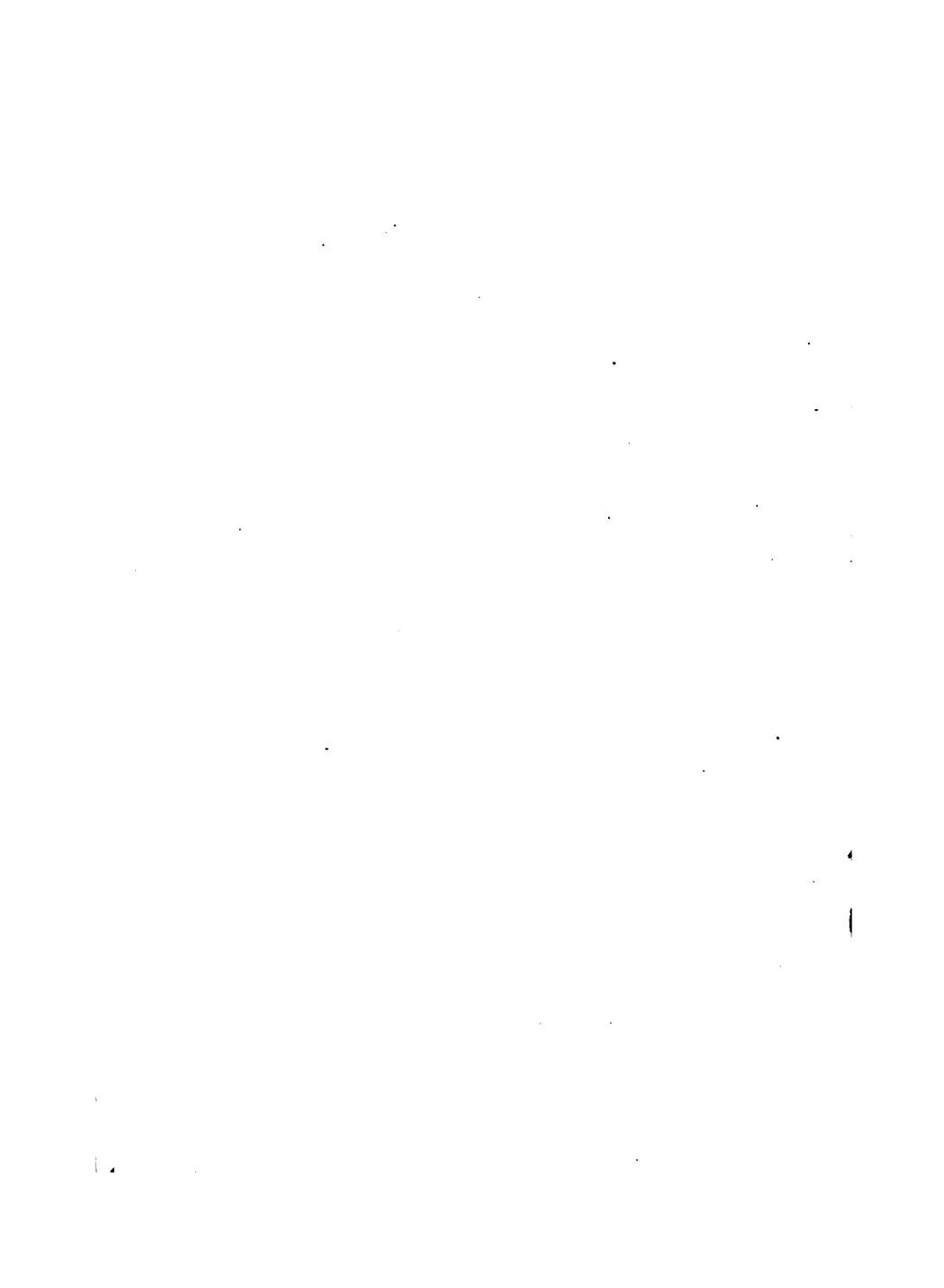




PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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25



GUIDE Book

TO THE

Franconia Notch

AND THE

PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY.

BY

FRANK O. CARPENTER.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON :
ALEXANDER MOORE,
1898.

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BOSTON:
THE STILLINGS PRESS,
1898.

TO

My Wife and My Son

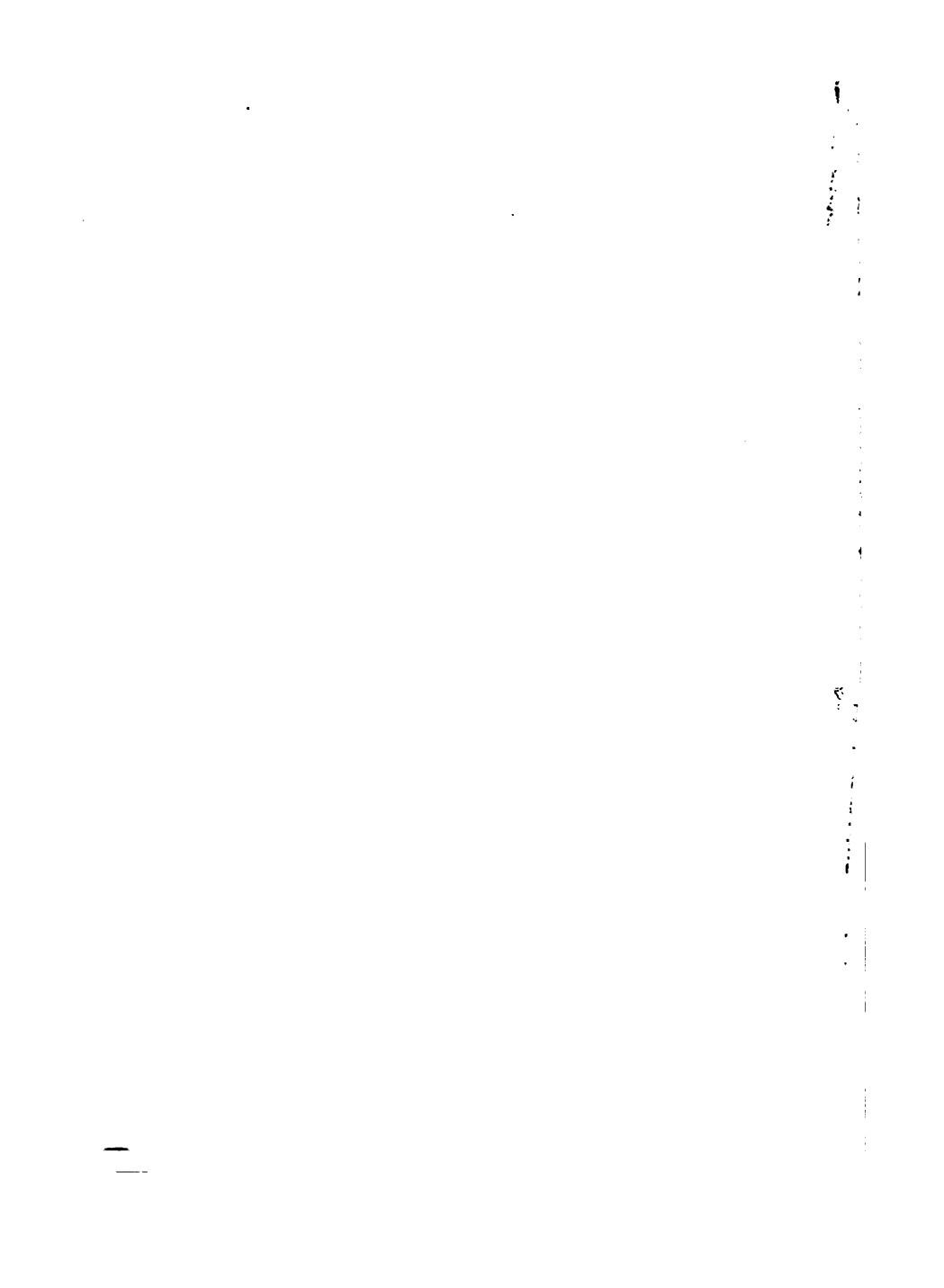
AND THE MANY FRIENDS
OF WHOM

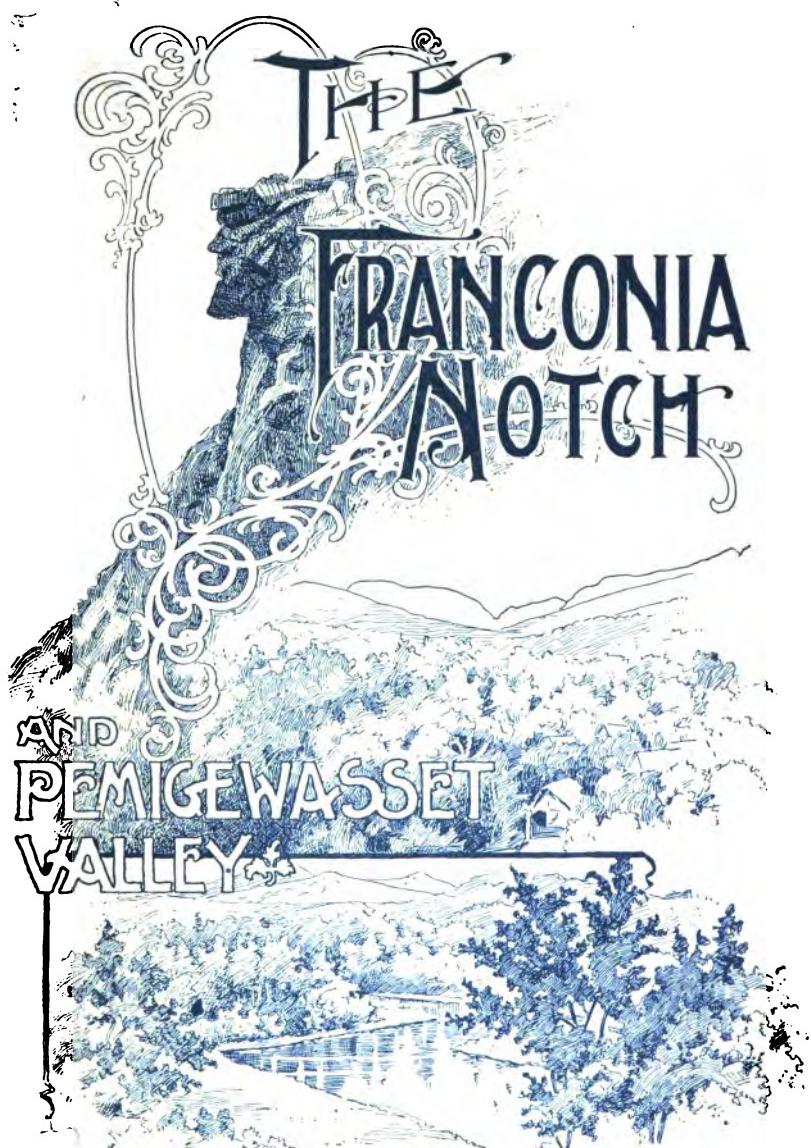
*"The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,
All keep their memory fresh and green."*



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"Great Stone Face" and guarded by the frowning cliffs of Mt. Lafayette. Then the little stream goes singing and leaping over its rocky bed past lofty peaks, by shady pools and foamy waterfalls, joined by countless rills and brooklets. At North Woodstock it receives the trout-laden waters of the East Branch flowing from the vast wilderness which surrounds the distant peaks of Bond and Carrigain, and the clear, cool Moosilauke Branch which brings down the united waters of the brawling, rushing streams from the eastern slopes of the great mountain whose name it bears. Then no longer a brook but a river, the Pemigewasset glides on, sometimes chattering over its stony ways, sometimes playing with the children on its sandy beaches, now sweeping in still, smooth curves along the fertile intervals, anon racing down its rocky channel to the headlong plunge of Livermore Falls. Then a few miles beyond Plymouth and thirty miles from its source it receives the waters of Winnipesaukee and Squam lakes and as the stately Merrimac flows onward to the sea. Along its course rise majestic peaks and noble hills. Great forests cover the mountain slopes, unvexed by the axe of the lumberman, and shade many a secluded pond and brooklet teeming with trout. Bear and deer still roam through the thickets in spite of the century of eager hunting by the settler. Lonely hill farms which yield a scanty crop from their shallow and barren soil, look down on the fertile intervals with their abundant harvests. Stern peaks and dangerous ravines challenge the mountaineer, exquisite pictures of rivers and glimpses of blue peaks through leafy screens, tempt the artist's pencil. Over all is poured a bright, clear, invigorating, inspiring atmosphere, fragrant with the odors of balsam and pine, where malaria never comes and hay fever is but a memory.

There are many lovely valleys among the great White Hills, dear to the heart of the traveller, but no other unites so many attractions as the thirty miles of the Pemigewasset Valley and no other is so truly a spot where

"The people of tired cities,
Go up to their shrines and pray,
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day."



*“ Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine;
Give us a waft of the north wind laden
With sweet brier odors and breath of kine.*

*Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of the Plymouth meadows,
The murmur and ripple of Campton’s rills.*

*Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy through all thy miles,
The winding ways of the Pemigewasset,
And Winnipesaukee’s hundred isles.*

*Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges;
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms and darken
Under the shade of thy mountain wall.”*

—WHITTIER.

PLYMOUTH.

OUTSIDE the gateway of the Notch, like a herald of olden days sent forward to proclaim the presence of the King, stands Plymouth, the shire town of Grafton County. Round about it in wide curves, the Pemigewasset river sweeps over the shining sands or dreams the hours away between the broad meadows set with noble, arching elms. "Even the hurrying and careless visitor finds his attention arrested by some faultless elm standing in its own area of shadow like an ever-gushing fountain of graceful verdure."

In and out beneath the great Pemigewasset House — the depot — speed the long trains with their thousands of passengers.

For a few moments all is rush, excitement and activity. Then the train darts onward and when the echo of its whistle dies away, the town gives a gracious welcome to the lingering stranger, breathes on him the message of the blue peaks far away and sinks back to its quiet day-dreaming beneath its ancient elms.

Plymouth was granted in 1763 and settled the next year. It has a population of about fifteen hundred, increased in summer by about five hundred boarders.

It is built on a terrace near the union of the Pemigewasset and Baker rivers. A dozen stores are scattered along the main street and about the village green, while the

Court House, the State Normal School and several churches give a prosperous air to the town. The trade is mostly with the farmers of the surrounding country, though some glove factories add to the prosperity; and a number of professional men, that every shire town attracts, form an educated and refined society. Several times a year the terms of court bring a busy throng of clients and counsel, but nothing can disturb the serenity of the quiet old town.

It has long since forgotten the fierce conflicts between the white settlers, under Captain Baker, and the Indians a century ago, but remembers with pride and delight how the young lawyer, Daniel Webster, made his first plea before a jury in one of its ancient buildings. That building, the old Grafton County Court House, was afterward used as a wheelwright's shop, and then torn down, though part of its timbers were used in building the public library.

One other memory Plymouth holds dear, of great interest to New England. In May, 1864, the great romancer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, went to his rest in Room 9 of the Pemigewasset House, and in the morning was found by his companion, Ex-President Franklin Pierce, lying calm and silent, having passed as he desired, by a sudden, painless death to the real immortality, the earthly counterpart of which he was picturing in his last unfinished romance.

Across the river, in all but name a part of Plymouth, lies HOLDERNESS, with its widely known School for Boys.

Long ago before the Revolution a party of English knights, among them Judge Samuel Livermore, devoted to the Church of England, laid in Holderness, in 1765, the foundation of a city, which, they fondly hoped and dreamed, while lacking Boston's *commercial* advantages, would far surpass the Puritan city in wealth, refinement, dignity and culture.

How strange that even the memory of their dream is almost lost from the old traditions and only the gray old Episcopal church of Holderness marks the site of their vanished city.

In Holderness rises the bold summit of Mt. Prospect, once called North Hill, a most interesting view-point and drive from Plymouth. From its summit is seen the exquisite chain of mountain lakes of Squam and Winnipesaukee, with their background of noble peaks and leagues of pathless forest.

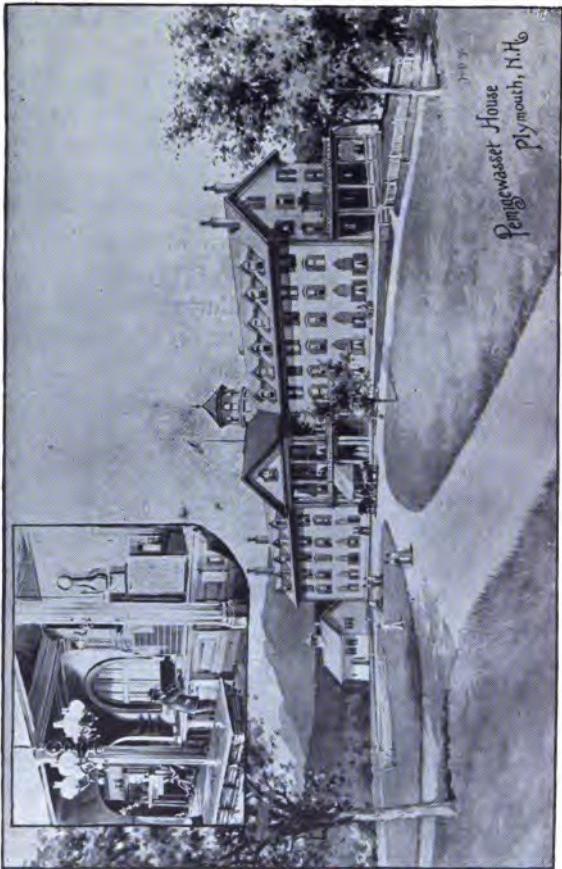
Three miles south of the town of Plymouth by the "Texas" road rises the great wall of Plymouth Mountain, with its airy upland pastures and alluring forest glades.

The view from Plymouth Mountain is almost unknown but it surpasses the famous view from Mt. Prospect.

The magnificent sweep of the line of great peaks from Moosilauke on the west to Chocorua on the east, over a most harmonious and artistic foreground of river, lake and foothill, cannot be surpassed even by the panoramas seen from Bethlehem or Sugar Hill. No climber should miss this marvellous view. The exquisite mossy brook, free from underbrush, which can be followed nearly to the top of the ridge, is of unusual beauty and at the southwest base of the mountain lies the solitary New Found Lake.

There are pleasant drives also to the "many-islanded, mountain-girdled" Squam Lake and the noted views from Shepard Hill or the Whittier pine; along the charming intervals beside Baker's river to the west, or past Livermore Falls, across the Campton meadows to the legendary hill of the "Queen's Arm" in Thornton and the welcoming shelter of the "Stag and Hounds" in West Campton.

Pleasant views are obtained from South Mountain or Walker's Hill, low eminences near the village, and there is



Pungwasset House
Plymouth, N.H.

an enticing walk from the south end of the village over the hill, one and a half miles through a broad, shady wood road to a cross highway one-half mile from Glove Hollow.

The chief hotel is the Pemigewasset House with its many large, airy rooms, with pleasing views of river and peak. It has steam heat, gas, electric lights, telegraph and long-distance telephone, and all the varied conveniences of a well appointed city hotel; while the fact that Mr. J. R. Elliott, of the Deer Park at North Woodstock, and formerly of the Flume House, is one of its managers makes the quality of table unsurpassed, and the long-time reputation of the house for scrupulously clean and comfortable rooms is always maintained. The house is on two levels and the basement, which is used for the depot and café, is out of the sight and almost out of hearing of the guests.

There are several other comfortable smaller hotels and boarding houses of which the "Livermore," "Rose Lawn House" and "Overlook" are the best. The "Tyler House" on the street near the depot opposite the Pemigewasset House, while having no views, is a neat, homelike boarding house, with plain but good fare and comfortable rooms; quite popular with transients who wish a less expensive hotel than the Pemigewasset.

The summer tourist with plenty of time would find much rest and pleasure from a stay of a few days in this historic and picturesque town.

MT. PROSPECT.

Mt. Prospect, once called North Hill, is in the north part of Holderness, four to five miles from Plymouth; cross the river at Plymouth, by covered bridge a short distance north of the post-office; the road passes over the broad intervals with their graceful elms. Near the old Episcopal church of Holderness (one and one-

half miles) the second road on the left goes toward Mt. Prospect; four miles from Plymouth at Pulsifer's, an easy and gradual road



up the mountain begins at some bars; carriages can be driven one mile up this road passing through two gates to a large blazed beech which is just beyond a turn of the road in the woods where a

team can be turned easily; teams have been taken to the top by driving out into the pasture above this point. One-half mile from the blazed

beech the summit is reached; there is a good spring near the summit on the right of the road marked by a sign; the summit is a ledge once used by the U.S. Coast Survey, rising from the clear, grassy pastures. The view is remarkable for its breadth and beauty, especially of Lakes Winnipesaukee and Squam, and the masses of the Franconia and Sandwich ranges; the view reaches a hundred miles, from Mt. Washington just seen on the north to the far-away peak of Wachusett in Massachusetts. (The view is given in detail in Sweetser's White Mountain Guide) "If old North Hill, with its bare forehead and commanding peak, which in Scotland would have been crowned with immortality in a hundred songs, stood where some of those Scotch Bens do, and had been sung by Burns and Scott, people would cross 'the ocean to see the sights from its top."

A new air line path to the summit, saving a mile of distance, was blazed in 1897 by Mr. Paul R. Jenks of Concord, N.H. When well marked by signs it will be preferable for the pedestrian.

PLYMOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Plymouth Mountain is three to four miles south of the village. Take the "Texas" road from the south end of Main St., pass the

mill pond, climb a steep hill, bend to left after passing over the hill. Beyond Sargent's (two and one-half miles), a white cottage on the right, the road descends and turns sharply to the right. Stop at Downing's a few rods on this right-hand road; house on left, barn on right; leave teams here; several rods beyond the house is Downing brook, the first brook crossing the road with bars and wood road just beyond. This road can be followed up, but one should follow up the brook, because of its rare beauty; follow the brook three-quarters mile to a sugar camp on the right, then take the wood road one quarter mile to a sawmill; the road passes to the left and gets lost in a hardwood grove where a blazed trail begins and extends to the summit (a sign is needed). If the trail is missed climb up the slope on the right to the open pasture and follow the ridge to the summit through several thin belts of trees; the highest ridge is wooded; there is a view to the south from a view point on a ledge, but it is hardly worth the extra time and walk. The northwest peak is clear, formed by high ledges rising among the grassy terraces and is a charming place to loiter; the view is superb. Distance from Downing's two miles, time one and one-half hours. In returning, one should follow down the ridge to the woods; the last rocky shoulder falling sharply away on the northwest gives a most attractive view; at the woods is a wood road or path, which, plain in most places, leads to the highway one-half mile west of Downing's; there is no water on the peak after you leave the brook.

LIVERMORE FALLS.

Livermore Falls are two miles from Plymouth on the road to Campton, just by the station of the P.V. R.R. The Pemigewasset river is shut in between picturesque, high banks and pours its waters in foamy falls, over jagged, massive rocks, twenty to thirty feet to the channel below. The falls were named in honor of old Judge Livermore. A half-mile away over the iron bridge swung high above the chasm is the N.H. Fish Hatching establishment, a most in-

teresting place to visit, whence millions of young trout and bass are sent to restock the lakes and rivers.

There is a new foot path to Livermore Falls from Plymouth.

Take road toward Campton, north from village one-quarter mile. Take to railroad track where it crosses the highway after crossing Baker river. Follow track over the straight open stretch one-quarter mile, until it turns to the left under the brow of the bank, where there is a spring. The path branches to the right and follows the river bank to the rapids below the falls, where a most striking view is obtained. Thence a road leads up to the track and highway again.

The path is always in the shade, and is cool and delightful, but the poison ivy is abundant along it.



LIVERMORE FALLS.

CAMPTON.

A few miles beyond Livermore Falls the railroad and highway which are near together pass into and across the famous meadows of Campton. This name always recalls to one who has visited the valley, a picture of shining stretches of river, winding through restful meadows and charming intervals, dotted with beautiful elms and maples. On either hand rise rounded wooded summits, with many a jutting ledge from which entrancing views may be had. Far away to the north rise the massive domes of Cannon Mountain and the azure pyramids of the Lafayette range, keeping silent and stately guard on either side of the "Old Man of the Mountain" and the narrow forest-clad passes of the Franconia Notch. In every direction one finds pretty drives and walks and the endless variety of meadow and forest scenery have long attracted artists who yearly spend their summer outing among these restful vales.

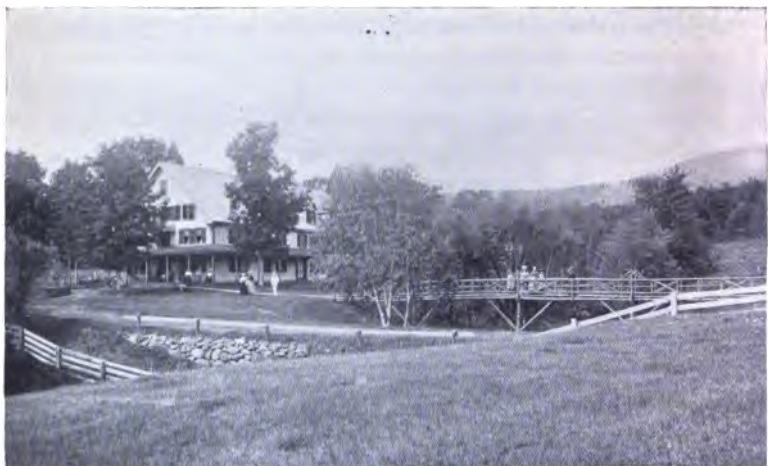
The year after General Wolfe conquered Canada and freed New England from further fear of the Indians, the grantees of this region came to it and dwelt for a time in a primitive camp, whence they named the new settlement *Camp-ton*. Thirty of their descendants died in the Civil War to the lasting glory of the little mountain town.

BLAIR'S.

Two miles north of Livermore Falls is the large summer hotel of "Blair's" (J. C. Blair & Son) in a sightly and attractive spot high above the river valley. From the arbor in front of the house a noble view is obtained and the view

from Blair's bridge over the river with the clustering peaks far away resembles in beauty the famous Starr King View, two miles further up the river.

Blair's is a very popular hotel, and to many, a summer vacation without some days at Blair's would be incomplete. The table and service are of the best and the airy rooms look on pleasant views in every direction. "See Naples and die," runs the saying. "Go to Blair's and live" should



"BLAIR'S."

be its version. A little cottage north of the house with the odd name of the Pelican is for the use of the guests, and the river three hundred yards away offers facilities for boating and bathing.

Sunset Hill two and one-half miles north of the hotel is an interesting view point. A spur of Mt. Prospect one and one-half miles east across the river gives another wide pano-

rama forty miles in length. The Starr King View is two miles to the north by the schoolhouse.

A pretty Baptist chapel is near Blair's where services are held all the year, in summer often by distinguished ministers from the cities.

A short distance to the north is the cottage of F. Schuyler Matthews, whose "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden" wave their blossoms as you pass.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

New Found Lake . . .	15 miles	Starr King View . . .	2 miles
Plymouth	4 "	Sunset Hill	2½ "
Centre Harbor	18 "	Cook's Hill	5 "
Squam Lake	12 "	Mill Brook Cascade . .	12 "
Livermore Falls	2 "	Loon Pond	8 "
Mt. Prospect	5 "	No. Woodstock	15 "
Ellsworth Pond	8 "	Flume House	20 "
Waterville	16 "	Profile House	25 "
Welch Mt.	8 "		

WEST CAMPTON.

The name of the "Stag and Hounds" gives a bit of old English coloring to the memories of Campton. It is the name of an old hostelry, one of the oldest in the valley, and one remembered with pleasure by all so fortunate as to spend a time beneath its hospitable roof and under the attentive and kindly care of its owner, Mr. E. H. Sanborn, who with his father before him have kept the "Stag and Hounds" for a half century. The hotel buildings are on the west side of the main road to Plymouth a mile from Campton Village depot across the river. The old hotel stood across the road from the present one. It was burned a few years ago, but to all visitors of former days there will long remain pleasant

memories of the comfortable old inn with its rambling rooms and the hearty welcome and greeting of the old landlord.

Cool under its great sheltering maples even in hot summer days, with restful quiet for those who are tired and with charming walks and drives for those who wish to roam, the "Stag and Hounds" is a hotel which the visitor to the valley who has once eaten of its "lotus" must not look back at as he goes away, lest he remain forever to lie and dream



"STAG AND HOUNDS."

within its shady nooks, and watch the shadows glide across the distant hills.

A few rods behind the hotel is a high sandy bluff such as one expects by the seashore, but not in the mountains, a source of perennial attraction and delight to the children. By a steep narrow path channeled out in its face you reach the top and have a fine view (to the east and south) of the

valley and hills from the open pasture. Near by is a pretty grove, "Fairyland," where the elves no doubt sport merrily at midnight in the moonlight when the delicate hemlock branches weave filmy nets of shadow in the glades.

ARTIST'S BROOK,

As its name implies, is a great favorite with artists. It is one-half mile east from the "Stag and Hounds" across the fields. (Time, 15 minutes.)

BLUE GATE.

The Blue Gate, so called, though the color long since disappeared, is about one mile north of the "Stag and Hounds" hotel. It is the gate which leads into the field on the east side of the highway, opposite the cottage of Dr. Crispin.

The Blue Gate is used only as the limit of a short walk (one mile) from the "Stag and Hounds" and as the point where one leaves the highway to go to the Eddy and to the Gulch.

COOK'S HILL.

Take road to Ellsworth one-eighth mile south of "Stag and Hounds." Follow road one and one-half miles to the Rising Sun Church Turn to right, past the church, pass cemetery and turn to right and reach top of hill. Return same way or by cemetery and over Chandler Hill and Bog road. Cook's Hill four miles (two hours) from "Stag and Hounds." Cook's Hill and Bog road nine miles (three to four hours).

THE EDDY.

"The Eddy" is a cove or bend in the Pemigewasset river, where in floods or high water, the river current whirls in an eddy. Usually in summer, the water in the eddy is still and mirror-like. The river bank is completely wooded and the eddy is shady nearly all day. A ledge which juts into the water forms an excellent place to sit and watch the exquisite reflections in the water especially in the late afternoon just before sunset.

Leave highway, one mile north of the "Stag and Hounds" hotel, at "Blue Gate" opposite the cottage of Dr. Crispin Pass



VIEW SOUTH FROM "STAG AND HOUNDS."

through the gate and go directly across the open field to the bank of the river, which is there a high bluff. Distance from gate to bluff, twenty rods. A little to the left as you reach the edge of the bluff, a narrow but plain path begins which leads down the bluff to the river and eddy. A cold spring is beside the path on the river bank a few rods to the left after the path reaches the river.

THE FORD.

There is an old fording place over the Pemigewasset river, three-quarter miles (twenty-five minutes) from the "Stag and Hounds," just beyond Artist's Brook.

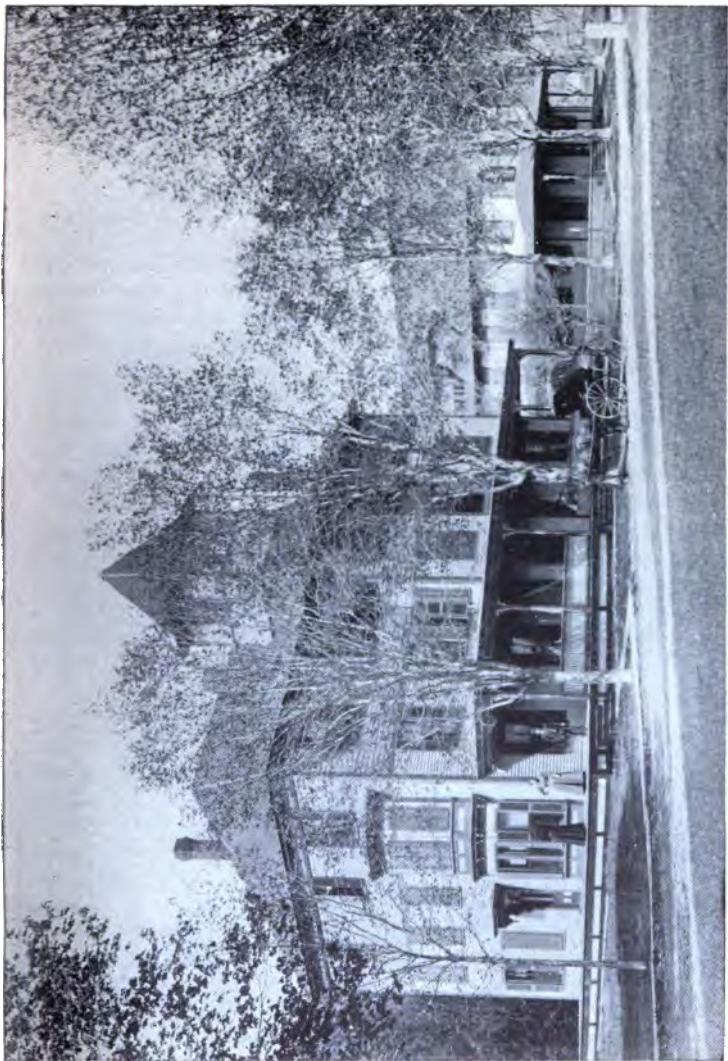
THE GULCH.

"The Gulch" is a ravine formed by the action of the Pemigewasset river which has washed out a deep gully, leaving picturesque bluffs of sand from forty to sixty feet high on each side which rise almost vertically from the river's edge. The bluffs remind one in miniature of those in the cañons of the Colorado. The view is one of the surprises that the Pemigewasset river so often shows along its banks.

Leave the highway one mile north of the "Stag and Hounds" hotel at "Blue Gate" opposite the cottage of Dr. Crispin. Pass through the gate and cross the open field, bearing somewhat to the right until you come to the edge of a high bluff which overlooks the river at a point where the trees are thin and cut away. The Gulch is below you.

On the south side of the water directly opposite is a most picturesque view of a sand bluff fifty feet high in which the sand swallows build their nests. The view to the north from the top of that bluff is fine and worth seeing. To reach it, return to the highway, go south a few rods (*i.e.* toward the "Stag and Hounds") until you pass the head of the ravine and then cross the field again. The open grassy field extends to the top of the bluff. Be very careful not to go too near the edge as the sand gives way easily and a fall would be very dangerous.

Both views of the Gulch should be seen if possible, but the first described is most easily reached and is the best.



NEW "STAG AND HOUNDS," WEST CAMPTON.

MINISTER'S WALK.

Take road to Ellsworth one-eighth mile south of "Stag and Hounds." Follow road one and one-half miles to Rising Sun church. Turn to left, and go to parsonage. A pretty woodland path will return by a circuit to the main road.

MORANDI GLEN

The Morandi Glen is a narrow wooded ravine lying parallel with the highway and one-quarter mile west of it. It is bounded on the east by a short ridge which slopes rather gradually toward the road and the east but falls away abruptly in nearly vertical cliffs on the west, which vary from twenty to forty feet in height. One finds many charming vistas as the path winds about the jutting ledges. The best time to visit Morandi Glen is in the late afternoon when the western sunshine shining through the trees, lights up the precipitous western faces of the ledge, throwing some ledges into sunshine leaving the rest in shadow.

The path to the Morandi Glen leaves the highway on the west side about one half mile north of the "Stag and Hounds" just north of Mrs. Babbitt's boarding house "Brightwood."

The path for twenty rods runs through a pretty wooded pasture. The path branches several times, making the path to the Glen uncertain (it should be marked with signs), but one should keep to the right or north each time the path divides.

Ten minutes from the road, you reach a bold, almost vertical ledge on the right or east side of the path. The path then winds in and out among the trees at the base of the ledges which vary from twenty to forty feet in height and at last curves to the east around the north end of the ledges and comes out in an open field a few rods from the highway. From this point a path to the right leads to the top of the ledges whence there is a fine view to the north. A couple of hundred feet along the ridge to the south there is a fine view down the valley to the south. If a sign was placed on the highway opposite this point it would be much easier for visitors to find the Glen. The path from Mrs. Babbitt's should be plainly marked with signs. "Stag and Hounds" to Mrs. Babbitt's fifteen minutes; from road to south end of ledge, ten

minutes; around ledges, fifteen; path to top, five; ledges to road, five; road to "Stag and Hounds," twenty-five minutes; round trip, easy, two hours.

PARADISE WOODS.

Go to Campton Village depot; turn south one-half mile to woods of pine and hardwood trees on the banks of Mad river. (Two miles; time, forty-five minutes.)

PROSPECT HILL.

Go south from "Stag and Hounds" to store one-eighth mile. Take middle road to top of Taylor Hill, then pass through a grove in a southeast direction one-eighth mile, and reach the summit of Prospect Hill. Then through the open pasture to the Starr King View. (Three miles round trip; time, one and one-half hours.)



VIEW FROM PROSPECT HILL.

SANBORN HILL.

The hill behind the "Stag and Hounds" beyond Fairy Land and the Sand Bluff. (One-eighth mile; ten minutes.)

SPOKESFIELD'S BARN.

To the field behind Spokesfield's barn, ten minutes' easy walk from the hotel, is a favorite stroll for the guests of the "Stag and Hounds" to see the sunset light on the Franconia peaks.

STARR KING'S VIEW.

"Let them study the Notch Mountains of Franconia from the schoolhouse in Campton, by the morning or evening light. They differ then from their ordinary aspects as much as rubies and sapphires from pebbles. See the early day pour down the upper slopes of the three easterly pyramids; then upon the broad forehead of the Profile Mountain, kindling its gloomy brows with radiance, and melting the azure of its temples into pale violet; and falling lower, staining with rose tints the cool mists of the ravines, till the Notch seems to expand, and the dark and rigid sides of it fall away as they lighten, and recede in soft perspective of buttressed wall and flushed tower. Or, towards evening of midsummer, at the same spot, see the great hills assume a deeper blue or purple; see the burly Cannon Mountain stand, a dark abutment, at the gate of the Notch, unlighted except by its own pallor; and, as the sun goes down, watch his last beams of crimson or orange cover with undevastating fire the pyramidal peaks of the three great Haystacks, and then decide whether language can recall or report the pomp of the spectacle, any more than the cold colors of art can exaggerate what the Creator writes there in chaste and glowing flame."—*Starr King*.

The view mentioned by Starr King is from the schoolhouse on the road one mile from the "Stag and Hounds"; twenty minutes. The "Starr King View" is from the top of the bold ledges. (Ten minutes from the road through the pasture.)

The name "Haystacks" is no longer used. They are the peaks of Mts. Lafayette, Lincoln and Liberty.



STARR KING'S VIEW.

To "Starr King View" by middle road, Avery's Hill. (Three miles; one and one-half hours.)

POINTS OF INTEREST FROM "STAG AND HOUNDS."

Artist's Brook	$\frac{1}{2}$ miles.	Paradise Woods	2 miles.
Blair's	3 "	Pemigewasset River,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Blue Gate	1 "	Prospect Hill	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "
Branch Falls	3 "	R.R. Station	1 "
Campton Village	3 "	Sanborn Hill	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Centre Harbor	20 "	Shepard Hill	12 "
Cook's Hill	4 "	Spokesfield's Barn	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Eddy (The)	1 "	Squam Lake	12 "
Elliott's, Waterville	13 "	Starr King View	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "
Ellsworth Pond	6 "	Stinson Pond	9 "
Flume House	17 "	W. Thornton Bridge,	5 "
Ford (The)	$\frac{3}{4}$ "	Welch Mountain	8 "
Gulch (The)	1 "	Woodstock	10 "
Hart's Falls	3 "	Hubbard Gorge	7 "
Livermore Falls	5 "	Mill Brook Falls	8 "
Loon Pond	8 "	North Woodstock	14 "
Mad River	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Sandwich Dome	10 "
Minister's Walk	3 "	Profile House	23 "
Mt. Prospect	8 "	Plymouth	7 "
Mirror Lake	6 "	Sunset Hill	3 "
Morandi Glen	$\frac{1}{2}$ "		

The other boarding houses in West Campton are: "Brightwood" (Mrs. E. N. Babbitt); "The Maples" (C. G. Avery); "Willow Wood Farm" (Mrs. H. L. Clark).

CAMPTON VILLAGE.

Campton Village is a pleasant hamlet on the east side of the Pemigewasset river one and one-half miles from the railroad station. It has several stores and quite a number of houses grouped together along a shady street. A saw-mill, a woolen factory and furniture factory give a little life to the village but cannot disturb its quiet. It has several



VIEW NEAR "STAG AND HOUNDS."

boarding houses of which the Hillside House is the largest. The other principal ones are the Maplewood, Sunset Hill House and Willey House.

Wallace Hill, one mile from Campton Village on the Waterville road, has a fine view. The summit is one-half mile from the road, reached through open pastures and maple groves. The view is clear to the west and north.

There is a good view from a knoll in front of Adams' store in Campton village, called "Crow Hill."

Webster's Ridge is one-half mile from Webster's boarding house or one mile from Black Mountain House.

Sunset Hill near Campton Village, one mile from depot, has a charming outlook. It is behind the Sunset Hill House.

The other points of interest visited from Campton Village are the same as from the "Stag and Hounds." (See list.)

Passengers for Elliott's Hotel, Waterville, leave the train at Campton Village depot, where stages from Waterville meet the two o'clock train from Boston.

Campton Hollow is a small settlement three miles south of Campton Village, one mile from the junction of the Beebe and Pemigewasset rivers.

The Devil's Den, once mined for copper, and Camp-ton Falls on Mt. Prospect are near Campton Hollow.

New Discovery and Hardhack is a settlement on the road from Campton Hollow to Squam bridge, five miles from Campton Village.



THORNTON.

North of Campton lies the long irregular town of Thornton. There is no village, but several sections where the farms are grouped somewhat, have received distinctive names. The town was granted in 1763, and settled in 1770. It was named in honor of Col. Matthew Thornton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, one of its first grantees. Dr. Noah Worcester, the founder of the Peace Society, was the pastor of the local church for many years, at a salary of \$200 a year.

Thornton, for some reason, has not kept pace in growth and popularity with the neighboring towns of Campton and Woodstock. Its farms are as fertile, the sweeping views of the broad intervals, tessellated with the waving crops, are as charming as any in the valley. The hills rise in a picturesque gradation from the river past the mysterious Queen's Arm to Mt. Tecumseh on the east, and sweep upward to Moosilauke on the west, encircling the sparkling basin of Mirror Lake and the startling surprises of Hubbard Gorge. Nowhere in the entire valley are the lower eminences so tempting to the climber with their most fascinating views, or of such exquisite harmony and artistic grace in the mingling of the bold, outcropping ledges and clustering groves of sugar maples.

The drives along its roads give a constant succession of charming views. So the quiet township can wait in patience for its fame which is sure to come in the future.

“So shall it have, ere its long history ends,
Love, honor, reverence and troops of friends.”

Thornton Street is in the Mad River Valley on the road to Waterville. It extends three to four miles from near Campton Village to the Sandwich Notch road. The scenery is pastoral and restful, and the peaks of Sandwich Dome, Welch and Weetamoo Mountains are in easy reach.

A hilly road, twelve miles long, leads through the Sandwich Notch, 1,417 miles above the sea, between Sandwich Dome and Mt. Weetamoo to the Bearcamp Brook in Sandwich. The drive is full of interest, but along this lonely road the farms are abandoned and the traveller sees with sadness the crumbling houses and the deserted farms.

The New Hampshire Land Company, which owns the land, has banished the tenants of the once fertile farms and the "jungle is coming back" to the Sandwich Notch.

The main road of Thornton Street follows the windings of Mad river, made famous by Longfellow's last poem, up to the mountain-walled, forest glen of Waterville, the site of Elliott's hotel.

Thornton Centre is on the road from Campton Village, northward, on the east side of the Pemigewasset. On this road, three to four miles from Campton Village and three miles from West Thornton, one-quarter mile behind the house of Alvin Steele, rises the legendary "Queen's Arm," a low, pyramidal hill, used as the council seat of the Indians, and behind it the hill Pequawket. In the valley between, the Indians, surprised by the white men, were killed and driven away after a fierce conflict, leaving buried in haste a treasure of several thousand dollars. Years ago a solitary and aged Indian, the last of his tribe, appeared, to get the money, but he had forgotten some of the landmarks of its hiding-place and after searching in vain for several days, vanished to a happier hunting ground. Visitors to the hill

should not fail to notice the moss-cushioned rock seat "The Queen's Chair" on the south brow of the hill.

From this road, five to six miles north of Campton, three miles from West Thornton, a road turns to the northeast up the Mill Brook Valley near the solitary Thornton townhouse and a cemetery, and crosses a broad, sandy stretch, like sand dunes. Three miles up this road, past a half dozen farmhouses, at the top of the second long and very steep hill is the white house of Alonzo Boynton on the left (north) of the road. By passing to the right across the field in front of the house you reach the brook (twenty rods) and a short distance down the stream Mill brook cascades.

Two miles beyond Boynton's the road ends at the Elkins Farm at the foot of Fisher Mountain, from which Mt. Tecumseh may be climbed, through the woods, part of the way by a path. Two miles up this path are some mineral springs, where years ago a boarding house was built. One mile further, no path, is Walker's Ice Cave, a deep, narrow crevice one hundred to three hundred feet long, and a few feet wide, ten to twenty feet deep. It is not worth visiting except for visitors stopping on the near by farms.

MILL BROOK CASCADES.

These cascades are the finest in the valley, and the only one worthy the name of falls. The stream, after sliding over some ledges, makes a vertical leap of forty-two feet into a deep ravine, down which it dances over several minor cascades, flecked with sun and shade under its fringing birches. The visitor should see the falls from the dark rocks at its foot. A narrow but plain path descends on the right of the brook from the end of the grassy field.

A most curious example of a pothole can be seen at the top and to the right of the falls, where the water has bored a hole eight feet deep vertically, and then through the side of the ledge, coming out unexpectedly on a narrow shelf thirty feet above the

bottom of the ravine by a sheer fall. One can climb with caution through this pothole to the shelf, but it is dangerous, especially if the rock is wet. A fall to the jagged rocks below might be fatal.

There is no cascade equal to this among the mountains in the sheer leap or the way in which the foamy spray dashes over the dark rocks, except in the cascades of the Presidential range.

West Thornton is a line of farms on the main highway to Plymouth on the west side of the river. About midway is the store of Enoch Emmons,—the post-office, with its many rambling rooms on two floors filled with all sorts of merchandise. It is a most typical example of a prosperous country variety store of which the shrewd and kindly owner is the fitting genius.

There are two regular small boarding houses, Kendall's and the Green Mountain Farm (Freeman Woodbury), but some farmers in summer take a few boarders.

A few rods from the highway one-quarter mile south of West Thornton depot, rises a curious knoll or mound, sometimes called the " Indian Mound."

According to Professor Hitchcock of Dartmouth College, there is no evidence that this knoll is artificial or that the Indians ever aided in its construction, but it is a portion of the ridge which once extended to the river, and which is seen a few rods to the west. For some unexplained reason the rest of the ridge was washed away by the river leaving this curious knoll.

At the point where the road from the West Thornton depot meets the highway (twenty rods), there is a pretty triangle always cool and shady under the trees of a maple-sugar orchard. From this triangle the Mirror Lake road runs west for a couple of miles. The farmhouses along this road are very noticeable in that they are always well

painted and neat, with well-cared-for grounds, showing unusual thrift and care. One-quarter mile on this road from the triangle a branch road turns to the right (north) and runs parallel to the main highway, joining it at last near a sugar house a mile to the northward. On this branch road three-quarters of a mile from West Thornton depot is Kendall's boarding house on a broad and airy plateau with fine views in every direction. The smooth, safe grassy fields make it an ideal place for families with children.

Beyond this branch road on the left is a picturesque sawmill and pond and further on the right, one mile from the depot, are the sparkling, crystal waters of Mirror Lake, a dainty gem of sapphire blue in an emerald setting.

One-half mile beyond, the road ends at a farmhouse; a half hour's walk through the pastures and woods brings one to the lonely Hubbard Gorge with its wild beauty and startling surprises.

One-quarter mile north on the main highway from the triangle, there is a rambling brook on the east side of the road, whose waters are of such marvellous clearness and purity that the traveller should linger for a moment, if no more, to admire it. It keeps its crystal clearness all the way to the river one-half mile distant.

MIRROR LAKE.

Mirror Lake is situated on the southwest corner of the town of Woodstock although it is always approached from West Thornton. (See chapter on North Woodstock for description.)

HUBBARD GORGE.

Hubbard Gorge is a deep rock chasm on Hubbard Brook which, with its abrupt precipitous sides, and black

rocks gay with mosses and ferns, is unlike any other in the valley except the famous "Pool" in the Franconia Notch near the Flume House. It is but a three-quarters of an hour's walk from Mirror Lake and will richly reward the visitor.

The best view of the gorge is from the point where the path, winding among the trees, at gentle grades, stops so suddenly at the edge of a sheer precipice sixty or seventy feet high, that the visitor can hardly refrain from a start and an outcry of surprise and alarm, soon to be followed by exclamations of delight at the wildness and beauty of the scene.

A pretty brook gliding through a little flume with mossy sides, leaps over some foamy cascades into curiously carved rock basins, hurries away past large boulders and disappears in a forest of pines and spruces whose lofty tops are many feet below the jutting crag on which you stand.

Take the road running west from highway near West Thoroton depot; pass mill pond on left, one-quarter mile. Mirror Lake one mile on right (not seen from road). Go to end of road; where the road forks or branches, keep to the left, road ends at a farm house; pass through barnyard and follow lane to open pasture (five minutes), cross brooklet, bear to left and climb very steep grassy slope curving back to right (fine view at top of slope). Enter woods by plain path and go one-quarter mile, passing old clearing and apple trees on right, as far as a brush line fence; distance from farmhouse one mile; time, twenty-five minutes.

Do not cross this fence which blocks the path. About thirty feet from this fence, on the left, is a large beech tree. On it are cut initials and the words: "Hubbard Gorge" — letters are not plain. A narrow path at its base leads in five minutes to the gorge. It comes to a sudden stop on the edge of the cliff. Extreme caution must be used in going to the edge of the cliff, as the old pine needles make the footing insecure, and

a fall would be fatal. By going down the brook ten to fifteen minutes, one can descend, with care, the steep slope to the brook. Follow up the brook among the boulders along some interesting ledges, to the foot of the cliff at the end of the path. Pass around the cliff to the right as far as the cascade. The slope and rocks on the right at that point, though very steep, may be climbed safely to the edge of the chasm. Follow down the left edge of the chasm; cross the brush line fence and come to the path a few rods beyond.

GILMAN HILL.

On the east side of the Pemigewasset river nearly opposite the West Thornton depot is the Gilman Farm, with a bold, slightly rocky knoll rising up a few rods distant from a white house. Drive through bars just north of the house and three or four hundred feet up the grassy slope till the view is clear.

The panorama which is unrolled from this spot of the Notch and the entire Mt. Lafayette range, the mighty dome of Moosilauke, the river winding in gleaming curve and stretch through the fertile intervals, and low down on the horizon the faint blue peaks of the mountains near the Massachusetts line, all combine to make a view which truly deserves to be called "magnificent," a kingly title for a royal view. The view from the hilltop (ten minutes' climb) is also unsurpassed.

THORNTON GORE

Is a remote corner of the town, shaped, as its name implies, like a long slender triangle, which extends between Loon Pond Mountain and Russell Mountain on the west, and Osceola and Tecumseh on the east along Eastman's brook, far up into the shaggy forest regions of the great East

Branch Wilderness. The drive up this narrow valley to the remote, lonely farms high up on the mountain sides is long but full of interest from the succession of far reaching views, especially the ones from Wyatt and Hatch Hills. It is reached by a road from Woodstock Centre. A path from Waterville leaves the Gore four to six miles from Woodstock on a branch road to the right (east) on the side of Mt. Osceola. Leaving the road one can drive by a cart path on the left (west) near a mill six miles from Woodstock, over the hill, to a farm two miles south of the Fairview House in North Woodstock.



WOODSTOCK.

Five miles north of West Thornton is the little village of Woodstock Centre with its one store and post-office, and a half dozen houses near at hand. Woodstock is a forest town, covering an area of 88,350 acres, of which only 2,500 acres are improved.

It was granted in 1763, under the name of Fairfield, to Eli Demerrit, and settled in 1773 by James McNorton who, with three other settlers, left their newly-made homes to fight under Washington in the War for Independence. James McNorton died at Valley Forge. After the war, in 1799, a town charter was granted to the settlement under the name of Peeling. In 1840 the name of the town was changed to Woodstock. For many years North Woodstock was at the end of the highway up the Pemigewasset Valley. Thence a road was made through Kinsman Notch, past Bog Pond, to Landaff. Later it was given up and a road built through Gordon Pass or the " Beaver Meadows," for a stage road, to that part of Easton now called Wildwood. Part of the old road can be seen on the path to " Lost River " and Moosilauke. This soon fell into disuse, and later the present road through the Franconia Notch was built. For fifty years the town grew slowly, then, as now, the settlers gaining their living by farming and lumbering. Many men of sturdy ability came, toiled and passed on. Old Colonel Barron, whose name remains on the picturesque mountain on the east of the river opposite Woodstock Centre, the Selinghams, Sawyers, Foxes and Russells, whose descendants still are found in the old town. In 1830

Rev. Mr. Roper became minister of the parish "to preach two good sermons every Sunday, and attend to his own business on week days." He built two mills for the manufacture of potato starch, a mile from Woodstock in the section still called Potato Hill.

For many years the stages from Plymouth to the Profile House swung daily up and down the valley and travellers still tell of the wonderful beauty of the journey. In 1883, however, a branch railroad was built from Plymouth to North Woodstock and the stage line discontinued. Since the advent of the railroad, Woodstock Centre has fallen into quiet and the village of North Woodstock now absorbs all the attention and fame due to a town centre. The points of interest near Woodstock Centre are Baston Falls, Potato Hill, Elbow Pond, Barron Mountain, McNorton Falls, Glover Brook, Mt. Cilley, Walker's Mineral Spring. (See North Woodstock.) Pemigewasset Cottage (N. Boynton) is a pleasant boarding house in the Centre, but most of the summer visitors seek the hotels and houses near North Woodstock. Almus Sawyer's house is in a slighty location two miles south of Woodstock Centre.

McNORTON FALLS.

The cascades or rapids, just above (north of) the Woodstock covered bridge, are named in honor of the first settler of Woodstock. The view of the falls from the road at the top of the high bluff, one-eighth mile north from Woodstock on the east side of the river, with the water flowing around curiously carved rocks, never fails to attract the notice and admiration of the traveller.

BASTON FALLS

Are a series of pretty cascades on Baston brook. Take branch road to the right of Boynton's boarding house in Woodstock and follow it up. The brook is on the left and keeps near the road all the time.

POTATO HILL.

Take branch road to right of Boynton's boarding house in Woodstock and follow past Baston Falls to farms one mile distant. So named because there were some mills on this road which manufactured starch from potatoes. The mills disappeared long ago. There is a slight view from the farm at the top of the hill.

ELBOW POND

Is a pond much frequented for its fine fishing. To reach it follow the Potato Hill road, which begins near Boynton's boarding house. Distance three miles, time, one and one-half hours.

BRYANT'S LEDGE.

One-quarter mile south of Woodstock post-office on the right, west of the road, rises the smooth, curving rock of Bryant's Ledge — impassable on the east side toward the road. It is one of the most striking bits of scenery in the town.

BARRON MOUNTAIN

Is a conical, picturesque mountain that closes the view down the valley from North Woodstock. It was named in honor of Colonel Barron, once a prominent citizen of the town. It is wooded to the crest but an inspiring view to the west is gained from a ledge in a clearing on its south side, near the summit. This spot is thirty to forty-five minutes from the road a few rods south of the east end of the Woodstock Centre bridge.

WALKER'S MINERAL SPRING.

It is a surprise to find a mineral spring among the clear mountain brooks and granite ledges of New Hampshire; but there is in the south part of Woodstock a pure, cold sulphur spring, called Walker's Mineral Spring. The water is of considerable medicinal value. It was discovered about 1795 by a boy hunting stray cattle in the woods. The old man who attends at the spring house, a Mr. Walker, is an interesting character who is a mine of information regarding the scenery of the valley.



FRANCONIA NOTCH AND NORTH WOODSTOCK—"ARTIST'S VIEW."

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

Four miles from Woodstock the narrow valley opens out into an irregular glen, two to three miles in diameter, shaped something like a great cross. In the centre of this glen stands the village of North Woodstock, like a sentinel before the entrance to the forest-clad, mountain-walled passes of the Franconia Notch.

North Woodstock, with its encircling hills, is the most beautiful spot in the White Mountains, and is remarkable for the great variety of its views and the numerous points of interest easily accessible from the village in every direction.

Every White Mountain district has its own peculiar beauty and charm. Sometimes a view of great ravines, as at Jefferson; sheer cliffs, as of Mts. Willey or Webster in the Crawford Notch; fair, level intervals with Mt. Washington rising in grace and majesty beyond them, as at North Conway; snowy waterfalls plunging down the ragged ledges as at Glen Ellis and Crystal Cascades, or the long green slopes of the lake country and "Winnipesaukee's hundred isles."

The North Woodstock valley is the only one to unite all these features in a single locality. Great ravines with steep, shaggy sides cut far into the sides of Lafayette and Liberty; the "Great Stone Face" looks ever southward above the impassable cliffs of Cannon; the sharp blue peaks of the Franconia range fill many a vista framed by arching elms; beyond long stretches of quiet intervals, scores of tiny rills and noisy brooks leap over the mossy rocks in bright

cascades, and on the long slopes of the distant upland farms the sunshine lies asleep. The gleaming river still singing its cradle song, glides past the dreaming hills in far-receding curves and on the Plymouth meadows writes the last letter of its Indian name.

**POINTS OF INTEREST SOUTH OF NORTH WOODSTOCK
ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PEMIGEWASSET.**

MOUNTAIN VIEW.

The Mountain View House is on a knoll which rises just south of the watering trough in North Woodstock. The view from its piazzas of the Notch and up the East Branch valley is exceedingly fine. There is a pretty view from the lawn before Dr. Cates' cottage several hundred feet behind the "Mountain View" along the ridge.

MUMMIES.

The Mummies are a unique and remarkable example of river erosion, where the water of the Moosilauke brook, through thousands of years, has worn in the granite a curious series of long, rounded ridges resembling a number of Egyptian mummies lying side by side, whence the name.

The Mummies are on the north side of the Moosilauke brook a few rods west of the iron bridge where the highway crosses the brook.

Follow the main highway one-quarter mile south from North Woodstock (ten minutes) not quite to the iron bridge over the Moosilauke brook. Do not cross the bridge; turn to the right (west) by the last house on the right next beyond the "Three Rivers" house; pass by the north side of this house to the edge of the brook, a few rods distant. The Mummies are where the path meets the brook.

KIAMECHE COTTAGE.

The summer home of Col. Horace N. Fisher of Boston, since 1890. It is situated on the south bank of the Moosilauke brook just beyond the covered bridge on the main highway one-quarter mile south of the village.

Visitors will not fail to admire the noble elm, the finest in the village, under whose wide arching branches the quaint many-gabled cottage nestles. There is a view of the cottage and elm from the east end of the "Fairview" bridge over the Pemigewasset, with the river in the foreground and Wolf Mountain in the distance which in the late afternoon sunlight is of almost perfect beauty.

There is a noble view to the north from the top of the steep pasture behind Colonel Fisher's barn.

FERNCLIFF.

Ferncliff, the summer home of Mr. Frank O. Carpenter, of Boston, a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, is an estate of ten acres on the lower slopes of Parker Mountain just south of the Moosilauke brook. Great beds of fragrant ferns cover its slopes under giant sugar maples, and tiny clumps of rare species hide in cool, moist nooks or mossy ledges and give the name to the estate.

The cottage sits on a projecting knoll high above the highway near at hand. The views from its piazzas in every direction are entrancing, of river foreground and distant peaks seen through leafy vistas. The view to the north from the piazza corner is beyond question the most beautiful and most artistic view which can be found in the valley.

VIEW FROM FERNCLIFF.

In the foreground, a gently curving road passes over a bridge half hidden by the trees and disappears behind the

thick foliage. On the right of the road is a smooth green intervalle and a shady river corner, where the Moosilauke brook, bringing down the waters from the deep ravines of the great mountain whose name it bears, through the famous Agassiz Basin, meets the Middle Branch, cradled in Profile Lake beneath the sheltering crags of Cannon Mountain and Eagle Cliff and flowing down through Basin and Pool and Flume. The East Branch from the vast wilderness twenty-five miles square, of primeval forest and rugged mountain peaks, joins its cool, trout-laden waters, and the Pemigewasset river is born from the three rivers, thence beloved of poet and artist to wander to the far-off Merrimac.

Beyond this foreground of water so rare in White Mountain scenery the roofs of the village show among the foliage, with the twin towers of the Deer Park Hotel, and tree-belted glimpses of fertile farms in ascending terraces.

Above this harmonious setting, rises the magnificent chain of mountains. On the left the blue domes of Mt. Kinsman, with the scarred lower peak of Pemigewasset and the dark ravine of the Georgianna Falls.

To the right of Mt. Pemigewasset and above it are the two rounded summits of the massive Cannon Mountain, with the "Old Man of the Mountain" at the top of the steep slope on the right forming the western wall of the Notch. Eagle Cliff, resembling the head and back of an elephant lying down, fills the Notch, below which gleam the roofs of the Flume House.

To the right of Eagle Cliff rises a huge spur or shoulder and from it a long, clear cut ridge sweeps up to the summit of Mt. Lafayette. The rocky summit of Mt. Lincoln shows in a narrow whitish line above a similar high green ridge which leads to a serrated summit that seen from other points

is the peak of Little Haystack. To the right the noble, dominating peak of Mt. Liberty, a most perfect and ideal mountain summit with its graceful shoulders and pointed crest, rises grandly over the rounded summit of Little Coolidge. Next, the tip of Flume Mountain shows over a lofty green ridge which disappears behind the twin peaks of Big Coolidge.

To the right of Big Coolidge is the symmetrical pyramid of Osseo Peak marked by a wide slide and falling away very steeply to the east, south and west. To the right rises the shapeless but picturesque light green crest of Oweenee Ridge, ending in the rounded conical, low summit of Potash Knob, whose almost vertical sides descend to the East Branch river.

Across the East Branch near at hand, a long ridge leads to the ledgy top of Loon Pond Mountain, then the wooded rounded summit of Russell Mountain rises abruptly from the further side of the river beyond the narrow interval. The waving boughs of elm and maple draw a leafy curtain over the peaks further down the valley; while the eddying river and the winding road complete the picture, whose exquisite beauty will linger forever in the memory.

THE EDDY.

A pretty river corner near the highway opposite Ferncliff one-half mile south of North Woodstock Village. Sometimes called Devil's Eddy, but the name is not sanctioned by long use or fitness and should be omitted.

Follow the highway south one-half mile, crossing Moosilauke brook by an iron bridge. Twenty-five rods beyond the bridge, the river makes a bend and cove towards the road on the left at the base of some ledges. That is the eddy. In high water and freshets the water swirls and dashes fiercely in that corner.

ARTIST'S VIEW.

A most charming view of the Franconia Notch, with the Pemigewasset river in the foreground. No view in the valley is more widely known and more justly celebrated, and, as its name shows, has been a favorite spot for the artist with brush or camera. It is also called Three Rivers View.

Follow the main highway south one-half mile, crossing the Moosilauke brook by an iron bridge one-quarter mile, and passing by Ferncliff, a cottage high up on the right. Just beyond the cottage and a bend in the river on the left near the shore, the road forks, the left branch marked with a sign, "Fairview." Take the right fork and climb the slight rise in the road. The "Artist's View" is from a point on the left of the road two hundred feet from the fork in the road. Distance one-half mile, time fifteen minutes

NENEMOOSHA, OR "SWEETHEART," ROCKS.

"Called her Nenemoosha, Sweetheart!"

There is a series of bold ledges jutting into the river, opposite Ferncliff, on the north side of the branch road leading to Fairview Bridge. They make the shore most picturesque with a succession of pebbly coves on Lucky Stone Beach. The summits of the rocks are covered by a most exquisite growth of young firs and spruces, and the bases of the rocks extend into deep, still pools. The different views from the top of the rocks are most attractive, nearly equalling the famous one from the "Artist's View," fifty feet higher up on the same slope. The rocks are a favorite wandering place for trysting lovers.

Follow the main highway one-half mile south from North Woodstock across the Moosilauke brook by an iron bridge, past Ferncliff to the point where the road forks and the sign says "Fairview." Take the left hand fork. A few

rods beyond the sign, a slight path turns from the road and passes in 200 feet to the edge of the river, where the rocks are situated.

QUISESANA.

High up on the northern slope of Parker's Ledge, clings the red-roofed chalet "Quisesana," "Home of Health," beside the Sunrise Boulder. It is the summer home of Prof. Karl P. Harrington of the University of North Carolina, a tireless mountaineer. Quisesana is higher than any other cottage in the valley and the splendid panorama of mountain range and river valley seen from its piazzas is most noble and inspiring.

PARKER'S LEDGE, NORTH WOODSTOCK.

Parker's Ledge is a picturesque ridge which runs parallel with the highway and a few rods from it, about one half mile south of North Woodstock Village. It is made up of bold, precipitous cliffs and ledges, always steep and in many places impassable. It is from one hundred to two hundred feet high and one-quarter mile long. It is the most easily accessible summit in North Woodstock and the views from it are of great breadth and beauty. The view of the windings of the Pemigewasset valley to the south is most delightful.

Follow the main highway south from North Woodstock village one-half mile. Cross the Moosilauke brook by covered bridge, one-quarter mile. Pass two cottages on right (Col. Fisher's and Fernclif). Where the road forks beyond the bend in the river, where a sign says "Fairview," keep to the right and climb a slight rise. A few rods beyond on the right, a carriage road begins at a pair of bars. Follow this road to the cottage "Quisesana" (Prof. Harrington's). At the end of this driveway, a path in front of and beyond the cottage

leads to the north end of Parker's Ledge. The summit is fifteen or twenty minutes distant. The path is plain but rather steep. At the top of the steep pitches, the path bends to the left and enters the woods. Five minutes more brings you to the open summit; the view is open to the east and south, wooded to north and west, but an observatory, forty feet high, built by Curtis L. & Lee Parker, gives an unobstructed view above the tree tops. The view of the Notch is fine, and Moosilauke and the Summit House show on the west. Be careful not to go too near the edge of the ledges; a fall would be dangerous, if not fatal. Return by same path. *Experienced* climbers may descend to the road over the ledges on the south with care; others might get lost. Amethystine quartz has been found in pockets in the side of the ledge, but was soon destroyed by unskilful quarrying. Time on highway to Quisesana twenty-five minutes, to summit twenty minutes, total forty-five minutes; one mile.

Parker Mountain, a name often given to the ledge, is the summit west of the ledge, which is merely a shoulder. The summit is wooded and pathless and has no view.

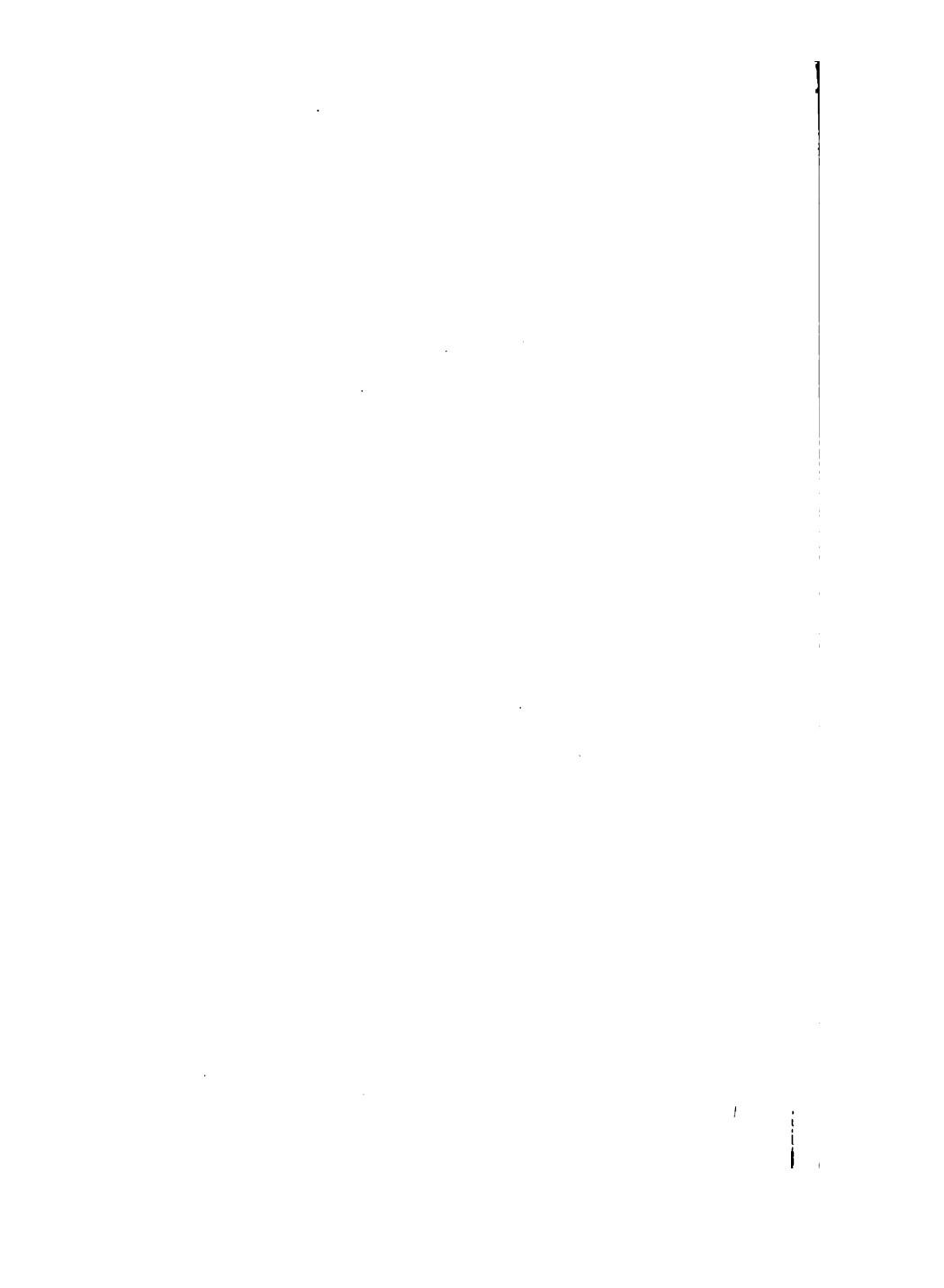
GRAND VIEW.

A path which continues the Parker's Ledge path beyond the ledges leads through charming woods and open glades to a high peak, west of Sawyer Mt., recently named "Grand View." Distance from Parker's Ledge, one mile; from North Woodstock, two miles; time, one and one-half hours. The view is very wide and far-reaching and is the most satisfactory easy mountain climb in the neighborhood of North Woodstock.

PARKER'S (C. L.).

A mile south of North Woodstock, past Ferncliff and Quisesana and Artist's View, the white buildings of Parker's





boarding house nestle close under the cliffs of Parker's edge. Very restful are the low-roofed cottages.

It is an ideal spot for a summer boarding house. On the west, the gray ledges rise vertically out of the maple groves, at their base. On the north are the Notch and Lafayette, with their never-changing shapes and ever-shifting views in cloud or sun. On the east, the Pemigewasset a few rods away, and across the river the shaggy sides of Russell Mountain, the Fairview clearing at its base keeping back the army of pointed firs and spruces which threaten to overrun it. To the south a succession of river terraces at different levels marked by belts of trees and flashing river.

"Parker's" is a favorite goal and limit of an easy afternoon stroll.

BIRCH TREE VIEW.

A fine view is obtained from the edge of a plateau two and one-half miles south of North Woodstock, just beyond Feldmont, the summer cottage of Mr. Charles F. Pierce, the manager of Pierce's White Mountain Excursions. The view of Mt. Lafayette and the Notch seen across the wide interval and the gleaming river is inspiring. The best view is obtained from the edge of the bluff, in the field on the west side of the road, and a few rods from it where the trees have been cut away. This point is half-way between the village of Woodstock and North Woodstock.

MT. CILLEY.

One often finds in New Hampshire an abandoned farm, but rarely a deserted village or group of abandoned farms. Such is, however, the region called Mt. Cilley, which lies at

the base of Mt. Cushman, several miles east of the main highway to Plymouth.

Seventy-five years ago there were twenty well-tilled farms in this spot, a school of thirty children and a regular minister to guide and govern. Today not a house, nothing but some old cellar walls remain, and cattle and horses pasture in the old garden and mowing fields. The last farm was deserted by the close of the Civil War in 1865. There is a noble view from the pasture hill near the old Hunt place.

Leave the main road to Plymouth, three miles south of North Woodstock, a few rods north of the Fern Hill Farm boarding house, beside a farmhouse. The grassy, but steep road in twenty-five minutes reaches the "Mt. Cilley House," a name given to a strange looking cabin on the right. Twenty minutes from the Mt Cilley House you reach a clearing and wide glimpses of the distant peaks; twenty minutes more brings you to the remains of the old schoolhouse walls; ten minutes beyond is the top of a high pasture whence the view is superb; a distant peak is said to be Mt. Washington (this remains to be verified). A path to the right (north) by the schoolhouse cellar, leads to the Jackman Falls in thirty minutes, the Warren road in one and one-half hours; or you can return as you came. A mile distant to the west is Elbow pond; from the clearing first reached a carriage road could easily be built to an old farm, the Smith place, thence to the Potato Hill road and then to Woodstock Centre. This would make a new and attractive drive for visitors; passing Baston Falls and the beautiful Glover Brook. (See Jackman Falls.)

The round trip from the Woodstock road to Mt. Cilley and return, or to Jackman Falls and the Warren road, is a very interesting all-day ramble, in either direction.

ICE CAVES.

Leave the road three miles south of North Woodstock at Fern Hill Farm (Sylvester Sawyer's) opposite the house, beside a sugar house or shed. Follow a plain path up a steep pasture

slope among the fern. At the top of the slope the path passes along a few rods at a gentle grade, crossing a wet, springy spot, and just beyond leads to a small, level, swampy meadow on the left of the path. At the top of a second steep pitch the path forks; the left hand fork descends the slope curving around the hill, goes through a bit of open woods, crosses a low hummock with a pile of broken boulders on the left, and comes to a second small, marshy meadow on the right of the path. Above this on the left of the path is a larger pile of large broken rocks, in which the ice caves are located. There are two caves, each long and narrow, and about forty feet long, where a lantern or candle is needed. Ice can be found in the caves in early summer. The caves are the haunt of hedgehogs, and are wet and dirty; not worth visiting, except from the farms near by. The walk through the pastures, however, is pretty and is worth taking.

SHIPLEY'S VIEW.

There is a wide and pleasing view of mountain and river from a knoll on the farm of Mr. Shipley, one mile north of Woodstock. Visitors ought not to miss the view which is but three minutes distant from the road, to the east, across a smooth field. It is almost equal to the celebrated Birch Tree View one and one-half miles further north.

MIRROR LAKE.

Mirror Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, a mile long by a half-mile wide, in the southeast corner of Woodstock near the Thornton line. It is always approached from West Thornton. Its picturesque, curving shore with rocky capes and sandy beaches shaded by the birches with their white pillars is very pleasing, while high upland pastures with beds of fern and clusters of maples rise from the water's edge on the north and west.

In the late afternoon it is very delightful to float idly in a boat in and out of the tiny coves or to watch the shadows of the ripples weave in and out on the white sandy bottom of

the lake at the southeast end near the landing. For several years a pavilion was carried on near the northwest end where meals were furnished and summer evening parties held; but at present it is not in use. To drive from North Woodstock to Mirror Lake in the afternoon, to float for an hour or so on its clear, glassy water as the sun goes down and the shadows deepen, and to return on the east side of the river from Woodstock Village, and see the frowning bastions of Cannon Mountain deep in shadow, while the sharp peaks of Lafayette and Liberty still shine rosy or purple in the sunset light, is to have added to the walls of memory a never-to-be-forgotten picture of fairest form and color.

To reach Mirror Lake, follow highway to Plymouth south from North Woodstock, through Woodstock, four miles, to West Thornton, eight miles. Take road running west from highway near West Thornton depot one mile to yellow house on the right. The south end of the lake is through the field a few rods to the right of the house. To reach the north end, follow highway one-quarter of a mile further and take road turning to right into woods. One-quarter of a mile beyond, the road ends at a pavilion on the lake shore, now deserted. To reach the pastures above the lake follow lake shore to the left from pavilion for twenty or thirty rods and then strike up through the fringe of woods to the high pasture. The wide and splendid view is well worth the fifteen minute climb from the lake.

**POINTS SOUTH OF NORTH WOODSTOCK ON THE
EAST SIDE OF THE PEMIGEWASSET.**

THE FAIRVIEW BRIDGE

over the Pemigewasset is on the branch road turning to the left (east) at the fork in the highway just south of Ferncliff and the Eddy. The views from either end of the bridge are attractive, and the sandy and pebbly coves of

the river beneath it on "Lucky Stone" Beach, on the west side, is a pleasant place to lounge an hour away. Distance from North Woodstock Village, one mile. Time, twenty minutes.

SUNSET FARM.

The farm and boarding house of Mr. William R. Beard, owner and manager of the North Woodstock Opera House. It is a pretty and quiet farm, distant one and one-quarter miles from the village, on the east side of the river. The view from the plateau behind the house is very fine.

Follow the main highway south across the Moosilauke brook, one-half mile, to a fork in the road. Take the left hand fork, marked "Fairview," and "Sunset Farm." Cross the river a few rods beyond by covered bridge. Three hundred feet beyond the bridge the road forks again. Take the left or north fork, and follow twenty rods. Sunset Farm is at the end of this road, three hundred feet beyond the railroad crossing. Distance one and one-quarter miles. Time one-half hour.

FAIRVIEW, NORTH WOODSTOCK.

A summer hotel and farm belonging to Albert L. Sawyer. It accommodates sixty to one hundred guests. The house sits in the middle of a broad grassy plateau with a wide and magnificent view of Kinsman and the Notch. The name is most fitting. No other boarding house in North Woodstock except the Alpine House, has so superb a view from its piazzas and grounds, and the Fairview alone has also delightful glimpses of the river near by.

The broad, smooth lawns and fields of the Fairview, make it a most desirable and safe place for families with children or for young people fond of outdoor sports.

The house has a special flag station on the railroad, four hundred feet from the house, for the use of its guests. The hotel people meet every train. Distance from North Woodstock one and one-quarter miles; time thirty minutes.

Follow main road one-half mile south, crossing Moosilauke brook by covered bridge to fork of road. Take left fork at sign "Fairview," cross river a few rods further by covered bridge. A short distance beyond the bridge the road forks again. Take right or south fork. The "Fairview" is one-quarter mile beyond on the right.

LOON POND MOUNTAIN.

Loon Pond Mountain is the mountain which rises back of the Sunset Farm. It is the first peak south of the East branch of the Pemigewasset. It is the nearest and lowest summit from which a view may be had of Mt. Washington, and the peaks of the Twin and Willey ranges. It is wooded except at the summit where a ledge rises above the trees and gives a clear view.

Follow the railroad track from North Woodstock depot through the covered railroad bridge. Twenty rods or so beyond the bridge on the left (north) side of the track are some steps made from old railroad ties. The path to Loon Pond Mountain begins at a little beyond the base of these steps. The path leads for ten minutes through the woods, then emerges into the Horner pasture with sightly views, and filled with thickets of wild blackberry vines, the favorite resort of the berry pickers. Fifteen minutes' walk leads through the pasture to the woods. Then the south peak is reached in one and one-half hours more. The path while steep in some places is plain and smooth and follows part of the way a pretty brook. The last third of the way is

through a beautiful woods with a little scramble up the rocks for a couple of hundred feet at the end. From the point where the path comes out on the ledges a trail leads around four or five rods toward the west to a ledge where the best view is obtained.

At the base of the peak on the east lies Loon Pond with the north peak of Loon Pond Mountain rising sharply beyond it. The pond, visited only by fishermen and woodsmen, is one-half hour from the south peak, no path. (A path is to be built in 1898.)

LOON POND MOUNTAIN CASCADES.

One and one-half mile, three-quarters of an hour. Three-quarters mile from the railroad a series of pretty cascades begins on the left of the path to Loon Pond Mountain. If time permits follow the brook from the Horner pasture to the top of the cascades, one-half mile. The path is always near at hand and the mossy brook is very lovely and delightful. It is a pleasant walk for those who do not care to climb the mountain.

RUSSELL MOUNTAIN.

Russell Mountain is the wooded summit which is east of the river directly behind the Fairview House. There is no view, and it is not worth climbing.

THE MOUNTAIN PARK HOUSE.

The Mountain Park House is a pleasant hotel half way (two and one-half miles) between North Woodstock on the east side of the Pemigewasset river, one mile south of the

Fairview. The hotel has large comfortable rooms with pleasant views. It is a very pleasant and restful mountain hotel.

ELISHA'S ROCK.

Behind the Mountain Park House is a curious flat ledge covered with strange figures and markings in which a former owner, Elisha Smith, used to trace the representation of the most important events of Biblical history.

RUSSELL POND.

Russell Pond is a pond high up on the south side of Russell Mountain in the heart of the forest. It is reached by a path from the Merrill Farm which is on the east side of the river three miles from North Woodstock and one-eighth mile north of the Mountain Park Hotel. The path begins near the sawmill and leads through the pastures and a plain path to Russell Pond two miles from the road. The fishing is fair, and it is a pleasant spot to camp for a night.

RUSSELL CRAG.

Russell Crag is the bold and picturesque cliff which almost overhangs the Mountain Park Hotel. The view from the top of the cliff is fine, the old river terraces showing in an interesting way. With the exception of Parker's Ledge there is no low eminence near at hand which gives so satisfactory a view for so short a climb.

Path to Russell Crag begins at Merrill Farm, one-eighth mile north of Mountain Park Hotel. It follows path to Russell Pond a short distance through the pasture, and then turns to the right at a log road. Follow this up a steep slope for ten or twenty minutes, and bear to right and to top of ridge and follow it to the right to the crag. There is a path from the log road, but it is easy to miss. Do not go too near to edge of the crag, it is dangerous.

George's Cliff is the bold and impassable cliff which is on the south side of the high south spur of Russell Mountain. The cliff overhangs the road to Thornton Gore, from North Woodstock, one mile from the Fairview House, up the so-called Woodbury's Lane, past Lookoff Farm.

LOOKOFF FARM.

On the east side of the river, a half mile south of the Mountain Park Hotel, a branch road, Woodbury's Lane, turns from the highway to the left (west). It passes, one-eighth mile, a farm on the right, the Lookoff Farm (Mr. Shaw's) and one-eighth mile further ends at Mr. Woodbury's, high up the slope. The views from both farms are very wide and inspiring. From the last farm a cart path leads through the fields over the ridge to the deserted farms and the highway in the remote Thornton Gore, past the rugged George's Cliffs, on the left in "Woodbury Notch."

THE PATH FROM NORTH WOODSTOCK TO WATERVILLE.

(This path has not been measured, and the distances given are therefore only approximate.)

"Leave the Woodstock road on the east side of the river at the point, two miles, where the road to the 'Lookoff' Farm diverges, and continue up this short road to its end in the front dooryard of Mr. Woodbury. By following the fence line straight up through the pasture before you, and turning a few steps to the left after reaching a little patch of woods, you emerge into the old road down into Thornton Gore. After passing two mills (a small bobbin mill on the right by a large white house, and a larger sawmill on the left), turn to the right at the junction of the two roads near the bridge, cross this bridge, three and one-half miles, over the main branch, and after a few rods follow the road to the left straight up the hill. This road comes to an end in front of a ruined house on the left, five and one-half miles. Continuing

through the grass in the same direction that has been followed, the ground being wet for perhaps a hundred yards, the beginning of a logging road can be noted, which soon descends a little and crosses a brook. The same general direction is pursued for about three miles, with a slight tendency towards the right, and no steep grades. Just before reaching a small black pool on the height of land, the trail bends towards the left, eight and one-half miles, passes a camp, and soon begins to descend, after crossing a large, clear brook which flows into the Mad river. The descent is very rapid along the side of a deep valley, till the junction with the Mt. Osceola path is reached by the 'Lookout,' ten miles. From here the path is broad and much frequented to the hotel known as 'Elliot's,' twelve miles from North Woodstock."—*Karl P. Harrington.*

RIVER VIEW.

One-half mile south of the Mountain Park House (three miles from North Woodstock) just north of the Lookoff Farm road is a quaint, odd-shaped farmhouse on the left (east) of the road with two large evergreen trees in front. The view of the river from this point is of exquisite beauty. The name " River View " is suggested for it, as it merits a special name. It is a pleasant point for a short, delightful drive or walk.

WOODBURY FARM.

Two miles south of the Fairview, one-half mile beyond the River View is Woodbury Farm. The view to the north of Mt. Cannon and the Notch from the field behind the barn, toward the river, is impressive and worth a special journey to see it. A so-called " Indian mound " is near by on the intervalle. It is not an Indian mound but is curious in its form. Woodbury Farm is one and one-half miles from Woodstock Centre.

POINTS OF INTEREST WEST FROM NORTH WOODSTOCK.

BELL'S CASCADES.

One mile; one-half hour. Take the Pondfield or Agassiz Basin road, which runs west from the centre of the town. Follow it one-half mile to where the road makes a sharp turn to the left (south), where there are two houses together on the right side of the road (Moody Howland's houses). Pass between the two houses where there is a sign marked "Bell's Cascades." Follow the cart-path through the open pasture one-quarter mile, ten minutes to an old barn. Pass the left end of this barn at a sign close to it, and cross the field, almost due north, about 700 or 800 feet to the right of a little knoll or hummock on the edge of the woods near a blackberry patch.

There you will find a path and a sign marked "B. C. Lower End"; five minutes along this path will bring you to Bell's Cascades and Balance Rock. Go up the brook for forty rods or by a path on the left (west) side past several beautiful cascades and potholes, to a tiny cave, Bell's Cañon. At the top is the reservoir of the North Woodstock Water Company. A path from near the reservoir where the water-pipe was laid leads back through the woods to the pasture three or four rods from the entrance to the path to the Balance Rock and Bell's Cascades, marked by the sign as described above.

Return to North Woodstock as you came. Time needed, one and one-half hours round trip.

MOOSILAUKE BROOK RAMBLE.

Follow Pondfield road to Howland's on the road to Agassiz Basin one-half mile (twenty minutes). Where the road bends sharply to the left (south) twenty rods beyond Howland's at first woods on left, enter bars and follow cart and cow path down steep bluff to a pretty brook. The Moosilauke is a few hundred feet beyond and delightful hours can be spent rambling along its sides.

SOLITUDE

Is a pretty belt of woodland on a path from Bell's Cascade to Mountainside, about one-half to three-quarters mile from either place. It is very quiet and restful.

GORDON FALLS.

Take path to Bell's Cascade and follow the brook or path on south side to reservoir of North Woodstock Water Company. Take path which follows up on left (south) of reservoir, which leads in two or three miles to Gordon Falls. The path the first mile is easy and pleasant, the last two miles is hard and hot over a steep and rough trail. The path ends at the side of the brook at a broad ledge below the principal cascade, which slides down almost vertically a dark ledge thirty to forty feet high into a clear, cool basin. Some distance above is another pretty cascade. Good climbers should follow up the brook one-half to three-quarters mile to where the two brooks unite to form it, as the climb, though severe and liable to falls on the wet ledges, gives remarkable and satisfying views of rock scenery.

The falls and brook are interesting but the long walk to it makes it hardly worth while to visit them unless for visitors spending the season who have seen all the nearer and more important points of interest. For them the trip would be a good all-day excursion.

Gordon Pond is several miles further in the forest, no path, six or seven miles from North Woodstock, only visited by fishermen. The direction cannot be given clearly in this book. Visitors should inquire of Mr. Gordon, one-half mile beyond Agassiz Basin.

AGASSIZ BASIN.

The Agassiz Basin is an enormous pothole that has been worn in the dark granite ledges by the Moosilauke brook. It is the largest in the mountains and was named in honor of Prof. Louis Agassiz, who once visited the basin.

Take the Pondfield road from North Woodstock, which turns to the west near the Mountain View House. The road

crosses Pondfield brook one-quarter mile; passes over pleasant meadows with noble view on right (north), over a picturesque old farmhouse (the Arthur Hunt place), turns to the left one-half mile by Howland's, and enters the cool, pleasant forest, one mile. A mile further up two steep slopes the road reaches a house on the right and a watering trough.

Turn to left opposite house and follow path to edge of brook three hundred feet. The stream from Gordon's Mill, one-eighth mile above, flows through a deep, rocky channel over several cascades, and plunges down a narrow chasm to a great gloomy basin forty feet deep, surrounded with massive ledges and mighty boulders. One can climb with caution on the left down to the edge of the water, whence a view of the fall into the basin is obtained. Above the fall and basin, a part of the gorge is called Indian Leap, but it has no tradition or authority to support the name. There is a bridge over the falls by the basin, a path on the other side of the brook, and a second bridge above the cascades. Agassiz Basin is one of the most famous of the attractions of North Woodstock, and no visitor should fail to see it. It is an easy walk of two miles from the village; time, one hour. It is very interesting to follow the brook down from Agassiz Basin. There are many fine ledges, potholes and cascades along its course.

MOUNTAINSIDE.

“ Not unremembered here the garish stage,
Nor the wild city’s uproar, nor the race
For gain and power in which we all engage;
But here remembered dimly in a dream,
As something fretful that has ceased to fret,
Here, where time lapses like a gentle stream
Hid in the woodland’s heart, and I forget
All but the mountains and the river’s gleam.”

“ Mountainside ” is the name of an old farm high up on a spur of Moosilauke, from which it overlooks the village of North Woodstock, five hundred feet below. Two miles

from the village opposite Agassiz Basin, a branch road turns to the right at a watering trough over which we read “Mountainside, one-half mile.”

“ O traveller, stay thy weary feet,
 Take from this fountain pure and sweet
 A cup of water in His name;
 It flows for rich and poor the same.
 Then go thy way, remembering still
 The wayside spring beneath the hill.”

One tastes of the clear, cold water and passes on up the steep road, under the shady trees, past several deserted farms, near which a great rock maple with far-spreading arms bears on its rugged trunk an inscription like those on old-world wayside shrines :—

ACER SACCHARINUM (Sugar Maple).

Most sacred tree that ever grew,
 True type of Him whom sinners slew,
 From thy pierced side thou dost bedew
 With sweetness those who thrust thee through.
 Now a new name give I to thee;
 Be called henceforth “ The Christus Tree.”

Further on a cluster of nameless, forgotten graves meets the eye in the tangled underbrush, over which a kindly thought and hand has placed a single line, President Lincoln’s favorite quotation, written by a poet long since forgotten :—

“ Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? ”

Passing through a gateway under arching trees, the road makes a swift rise and curve out from the woods into a little clearing of perhaps twenty acres extent.

" The great woods climbed the mountains at our back,
And on their skirts where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farmhouse like a bird's nest hung."

The low, quaint group of farm buildings is the summer home of Rev. J. E. Johnson of Philadelphia. Behind the house a wilderness, in which the deer still roam, stretches for twenty miles to the Connecticut Valley, broken only by the lofty peaks of Moosilauke and the Benton range. Beautiful brooks of the purest water flow from far-off, secluded ponds and mountain springs, past Mountainside.

The north winds, their keenness tempered and broken by the dense forests which shelter the farm, bring down the life-giving odors of balsam and pine, a relief and cure for throat and lung troubles and hay fever. Many of the most celebrated points of interest in the valley are near at hand, and all are easily accessible. Agassiz Basin is one-half mile away at the foot of the hill. Bell's Cascade and Balance Rock are an easy mile through the woods. Lost River is two miles nearer than from the village. The summit of Moosilauke is eight miles by foot path and twelve by carriage. The Profile and Flume and all the wonders of the Franconia Notch, within a couple of hours drive. Scores of charming walks, easy or distant, lead to jutting ledges, shady nooks, lonely farms with far-reaching views, and leaping waterfalls. Especially fine is the view from the great " North Rock," five minutes' walk from the house, and from the " Point."

The view from the piazzas of the house and from the adjacent knoll down the swift falling slopes to the valley, and of the encircling mountains is of magnificent breadth and beauty. Nowhere else but from some lofty mountain

top can such a panorama be seen. One looks up three converging mountain passes till the blue of far-off peaks blends with the sky.

From the lonely summit of Moosilauke on the west, past the cliffs of Cannon and the rocky pyramids of Lafayette and Liberty, up the winding valley of the East Branch to the remote balsam-crowned ridges of the Twin and Willey ranges and the dark tower of Carrigain, down the flashing curves of the Pemigewasset to Osceola, Tecumseh and Passaconaway, grim as their Indian namesakes, the view sweeps in a circle of unequalled grandeur.

“ While far below the valley spreads,
Its rich roof-dotted wide expanse.”

Aside from the charm of site and view, the most notable thing about Mountainside is its use.

Ten years ago, the present owner of the farm, worn out by overwork in his profession, broken in nerves and body, bought the old abandoned Gentiss Farm and went there as he supposed to die. But the subtle, healing power of pine and spruce and fir, the pure water and invigorating air, and the quiet of the upland farm, soothed and made strong his exhausted nerves, and bodily health grew strong with the nerves.

Inspired by his own recovery he has built six chalets which nestle here and there in the clearing about the farm house, and lets them at reasonable rates to professional and literary people suffering from nervous exhaustion and the weariness of a long year of mental labor. A physician is at hand for those who need one, but the remedies most in vogue at Mountainside are mental rest, diet on plain and healthful food, exercise in the open air, and religious medi-

tation, and health has returned to many whom drugs failed to cure.

It is not invalids chiefly that the owner seeks to help to a restful vacation, but to all altruists and lovers of their fellow men who need rest and quiet recreation amid healthful surroundings. The fact that a tired minister with his family can spend his short vacation at Mountainside at an expense of a few dollars a week, entire cost, shows the possibilities of the plan and the ideals of the owner. Mr. Johnson believes that

“The world is too much with us; soon or late,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers!”

and that the only true course of action is to fall back upon the nervous energy of nature and the universe which is “The Great Physician.” Would there were more ministers who not only could preach the right way to live but also could show it in such a glad reality. Persons interested in such a scheme should address Rev. J. E. Johnson at Mountainside, North Woodstock, N.H., for details. All visitors to the valley should see if possible the wonderful view from the farm.

LAWTON FARM.

A picturesque and far-viewing farm one mile beyond Agassiz Basin, three miles from North Woodstock Village. The farm has been abandoned for many years. The “Lost River” trail begins near the house.

The drive or walk of three miles to the Lawton Farm is most delightful, passing the famous Agassiz Basin, and the sweeping view from the farm resembles that of “Mountainside” which is a half mile away to the East.

LOST RIVER.

Lost River is the name given to a deep gorge where the water of the north fork of the Moosilauke brook disappears from sight, and at times from sound, for a considerable distance under massive boulders. It is the third great natural wonder in the Franconia Mountains, standing next after the Profile and Flume and far surpassing the latter in its surprises, its massive rock architecture and being unique in its dark, gloomy caverns. It was discovered in 1895 and has not yet been made passable for any but the strongest climbers with cool heads and strong muscles. It is very difficult for women to visit, as it is often dangerous, is far distant in the forest and requires severe exertion.

It is hoped that in the near future a carriage road may be built to it and walks, ladders and stairways may be built to make it accessible to the majority of the summer tourists.

Nowhere in the White Mountains except in King's Ravine and the Ice Gulch in Randolph are there such mighty boulders and ledges as in the Lost River, and the latter surpasses the others in the number and extent of its shadowy caves.

The path to Lost River starts at the Lawton Farm, three miles from North Woodstock, one mile beyond Agassiz Basin. One-quarter mile west of Agassiz Basin the road forks; take the right fork which ends three-quarters mile at the Lawton Farm.

The path begins in the field beyond the house on the left, crosses a brook at the edge of the woods, then runs for two miles over a delightful forest-shaded path with easy grades, and reaches a broad, shallow stream, Moosilauke brook, in forty minutes, from Lawton Farm. The brook must be crossed on stones, or forded if the water is high. Beyond the brook the path gradually rises by easy grades. Ten minutes from the brook it enters an old logging road, the old carriage road to Easton, long since abandoned. Then the path crosses *three* more large and several tiny

brooks. The *third large* brook is reached in forty minutes from the Moosilauke brook. The path ascends rapidly, and in twenty minutes it reaches a rather level stretch with a sign, "Lost River," on the right. The sign is small and wood-colored and easily missed. A side path leads in five minutes, thirty rods, to a brook at the upper end of the Lost River gorge. Distance from Lawton Farm four miles; from North Woodstock, seven miles. Time from Lawton Farm two hours; from North Woodstock, three hours. It is wise to ride to and from Lawton Farm if possible, as the day's tramp is fatiguing without the three extra miles of road each way. It is very dangerous and reckless for any one to visit the gorge alone, and unwise for inexperienced persons to attempt it without a guide, as there are many chances for serious or fatal falls into deep caverns.

Five people only are now (1898) fairly experienced with the caves and passes of the gorge. (1) Mr. R. J. Jackman, by whom the "Lost River" was discovered, (2) Mr. Wilbur L. E. Hunt, (3) Mr. E. E. Woodbury, citizens of North Woodstock, who can be obtained as guides to the gorge, if they are at leisure; (4) Mr. W. S. C. Russell is at the Cascade House in the summer and will at times accompany visitors to the ravine; Mr. Jackman and he were the first explorers of the gorge; (5) Mr. Frank O. Carpenter of Ferncliff has made a most careful exploration of the region, and will be glad to give intending visitors any information about the locality. It is hoped that during the summer of 1898 a fairly accurate map may be made and photographs obtained of the principal points of interest, a difficult task in both cases.

THE VIEWS IN THE RAVINE.

"A turn and you stand in the heart of things,
With the rocks heaped round you vast and dim."

Where the path reaches the brook at the head of the gorge the water flows lazily and almost without a ripple over a ledge into a depression twenty feet deep and disappears in a small hole under a

NOTE.—The names may in some cases be changed slightly as the glen is more thoroughly explored and mapped. A Hall is a space between the boulders open to the sky, a Cave is one shut in or roofed over. Many interesting points are still unnamed, but the explorers desire and intend to reject the scriptural and devil names which every other great gorge in the country repeats in tiresome and meaningless repetition.

boulder. One cannot safely follow down that hole. The trail crosses the brook, climbs the high bank on the left (north), thence one slides down by aid of roots and bushes, under great rocks where a ladder is needed, to the "Hall of the Ships," thirty feet below the brook level. In front rises a massive boulder, "The Sentinel," rounded like the stern of a ship and beside it another resembles the prow of a warship. Water about their bases makes the resemblance complete. Behind is a small cave into which the water above disappeared. On the left is "Shadow Cave" where a light is needed. Climb up the steep slope you came down and around "The Sentinel" (notice the exquisite moss and tree on its top), descend a short ladder to the "Guillotine" and its block beneath. Beyond is the "Triphammer." Notice the curious twisted channel behind the "Guillotine." Next comes a great boulder on end, the "Watch Tower," which rises over dark, "uncanny" chasms.

Pass to right around a sharp corner, along a narrow ledge eighteen inches wide, "The Edge of the Sword," where, as on the Mohammedan Al-Sirat, the good (*i.e.*, cool-headed) pass on in safety, the bad (*i.e.*, dizzy-headed) fall to the jagged chasm below. Next, down by dark winding passages to a dark weird cavern seventy feet long, forty feet wide, fifteen to twenty feet high, the floor covered with water, waist deep, "Pluto's Judgment Hall." The "Altar" is in the centre of the floor. A misty waterfall, fifteen feet high, shows dimly in the further corner. Near by is the "Cave of the Shades" and other shadowy nooks. Next you come on the right to the sunshine beside a mossy crag dainty with ferns and flowers, "The Queen's Bower." The river flashes a moment in the sunshine and leaps into the "Dungeon," a most perfect circular pothole. A few rods beyond on the right is a regular shaped grotto, "The King's Chamber," containing a rock resembling a bed and a pillow.

A narrow and dangerous sloping shelf, only two feet wide (a rope is needed here), leads to a level shelf three feet wide, passing like a gallery around the right side of the "Hall of Lethe" (hall of forgetfulness).

Leap across a deep chasm (a rope or a tree is needed) and follow the sunny river through the "Elysian Land"; next, far down to a large cave with high roof, "The Centre of the Earth." At its entrance is a pretty little pothole, "The Cup of Water."

Beyond, on the right, you descend to the sandy floor of the "Giant's Pothole," the largest in the mountains. A boulder ready to fall is poised on its top, thirty or forty feet above. A fine view of the gorge is seen from the top of the "Pinnacle," opposite. Once more descend to the "Cave of Silence," where even the sound of the river is lost. On the left you enter the "Cave of Lost Souls," the most impressive in the ravine. From the outer cave a seemingly shallow crevice leads to a large, damp, icy cavern, totally dark, where your breath shows white on the hottest days and the smoke of your candle floats away in ghostly shapes, like wraiths. Beyond, the river appears, flows a few rods quietly, then leaps gayly down "shattering in sunshine over its ledges" the beautiful cascade of "Paradise Falls," thirty feet to a basin, with impassable sides, at the foot of a lofty boulder, "The Guardian." You cannot descend by the falls. Climb the steep shoulder on the left (north). One may descend by a narrow, very dangerous path at the left of the falls, requiring strong muscle, cool head and sure foot and eye. It is wiser always to climb further up the side of the ravine away from the river and descend by easier and safer grades. No woman should try the path by the falls.

The finest view of the falls is from the top of "The Guardian," reached by a narrow trail over a great tree root on the lower side. Below "The Guardian," down immense boulders, is a pretty pool of clear water, "The Dryad's Bath."

A few rods down stream is the "Titan's Workshop," the most wonderful bit of rock architecture in the ravine, formed by two vast slabs of granite, one making the roof of the cave, the other standing on edge, as true in surface as if cut with a chisel. The Moosilauke flows on a number of rods through great rocks and deep, clear pools, and then goes to playing in the sunshine over the pebbles and along sandy shores as if tired of masquerading as "Lost River" among the giant boulders, and as if resting before taking up again its mighty rock carving in the Agassiz Basin, two leagues away.

Leave the brook at this point and pass to the right (south), through the woods thirty rods (no path), and you will come to the "Lost River" path, near the "third brook," as described above. Thence a walk of one and one-half hours will reach the Lawton Farm. Take care not to miss the path where it leaves the old

road. The path is the plainest and most direct. The road bends to the right at that point. Where the path forks take the left (north) branch.

The gorge is about one-half mile long, twenty to thirty rods wide and forty to seventy-five feet deep to the brook bed. Visitors to Lost River should take candles and matches or a lantern, and a strong fifty-foot rope if ladies are in the party.

BEAVER MEADOWS AND BEAVER BROOK CASCADES.

Follow the Lost River path to side path leading to ravine at sign, "Lost River." Follow main path twenty minutes to a large, clear, grassy meadow beyond some lumber camps. The remains of an ancient beaver dam is plainly seen where it crosses the meadow, showing the most expert engineering skill to protect the dam against strains and freshets. The old stage road to Easton passed across these meadows, and a passable road still leads out to Wildwood in Easton. It is a pleasant trip for a party to go from North Woodstock in the afternoon, camp on the Beaver meadows, and the next day return *via* the "Lost River."

BEAVER FALLS are a series of steep cascades on the northwest side of the path from Beaver meadows to the Moosilauke path. They should be visited from the path, but are not worth a special visit.

MT. MOOSILAUKE.

Mt. Moosilauke is the highest elevation in New Hampshire, west of Mt. Lafayette. It is 4,811 feet above the sea. Its Indian name is formed from *moosi* "bald," and *auke* "place," with *l* inserted for euphony. On Belknap's map in 1791 it was spelled *Mooshelock*, which has become the absurd name of Moosehillock used by many of the people living near its base. The proper pronunciation is Moos-i-lauk (the final *e* omitted and the *au* sounded like the *a* in talk.) The mountain is composed of a high and pointed, bushy south peak and a broad plateau on the north covered with loose stones. The Tip Top House is on the south

of this plateau. The mountain is separated from the Benton Range on the west by a pass through which runs a wood road from Warren Summit to Benton, and from the Blue Ridge on the east by the gorge in which rises Baker's river, once known by the pleasant and fitting Indian name of Asquam-chu-mauke (from *asquam*, water, *wadchu*, mountain, *m—auke*, place) or "Water of the Mountain Place." The mountain is approached in several ways. A long path up the north spur leads from Benton past the splendid Tunnel Brook cascade. A path from Warren Summit climbs and crosses the south peak. The "Little's" path, nine miles long, approaches from North Woodstock, which the Lost River and Beaver Meadow path joins near the summit of Mt. Jim on the Blue Ridge, and a smooth carriage road winds up the south slope from Merrill's boarding house and the "Breezy Point" Hotel five or six miles from Warren, and at the end of the new State road from North Woodstock to Warren. The carriage road passes the Half-way Spring, two miles thirteen rods from Merrill's, the Cold Spring, three miles one hundred and twenty-one rods, and reaches the Tip Top House in four miles one hundred and twenty-five rods. The ascent may be made on foot in two or three hours. The Tip Top House is a low, quaint, homelike building and one can spend several days delightfully beneath its shelter and in wandering about the crest and ravines of the mountain.

On the east of the mountain is the Jobildunk Ravine, "the dark ravine of the Asquam-chu-mauke, filled with the old primitive woods where the trees for thousands of years, like the generations of men, have grown, ripened and died." The editor suggests that the ugly and meaningless name of Jobildunk be discarded and its old name of Asquam-chu-mauke be restored as beautiful and worthy the noble ravine,

one of the wildest in the State, with its fine cascades and ancient forest.

Near the head of the ravine are the woodland beauties of the Seven Cascades, high above which, on the north, runs the path from North Woodstock. Years ago during the terrible retreat of Rogers' Rangers from the attack on St. Francis, two of the soldiers wandered to the top of Moosilauke where one sank helpless and died, and the other climbing down into the deep ravine of the Asquam-chu-mauke fell unconscious at the foot of the Seven Cascades, whence he was rescued by an old trapper who had followed his trail.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty," the Great Spirit of the Pemigewassets, was supposed to have his home on Moosilauke, and rarely did an Indian venture to climb the bald crest of the mountain.

The view from Moosilauke is of extraordinary breadth and beauty. One should study it by the help of the exhaustive description in Sweetser's "White Mountain Guide," to fully realize its grandeur. Experienced mountaineers unite in declaring that the view from Moosilauke far surpasses the view from Mt. Washington and has the added advantage, that Moosilauke is rarely veiled by clouds, that so often hide the view from Mt. Washington.

THE MOOSILAUKE PATH.

"The original path, seven miles, started in from the garden just behind the house and barn in the acute angle made by the new State road to Breezy Point with the old road by Gordon's. The first mile of the old path is now seldom used, as it is easier to follow up this new highway to the first clearing. At that point a logging road on the right leaves the highway at an acute angle, and after about five minutes' walk crosses the brook at the right by a now nearly ruined bridge. After crossing this stream a sharp lookout should be kept on the left for three to five minutes for the old trail which crosses the logging road here at nearly a

right angle, and for some distance follows the general direction of the brook upstream, though not most of the time in sight of the water. For the first half mile the walking is rather wet, with several stretches of old corduroy. The path then ascends into the hardwood growth and bends to the right, away from the stream, swinging round again in about three-quarters of a mile towards the left, and ascending to the edge of a deep valley in which the rush of the water far below is distinctly heard.

"At a large beech, with an enormous wart upon its side, the trail bends sharply back towards the right, and begins a succession of shorter and steeper zigzags up into the softwood timber, passing two interesting boulders partially overgrown with trees and smaller vegetation. After ascending about three miles, the summit of the first ridge is reached, followed by a very slight descent and one-quarter mile over slightly rising ground badly obstructed by windfalls. After crossing a small corduroy bridge and descending to a very moist and green bank of moss between several small smooth-faced rocks, the path here bends toward the left, and climbs slowly along the side of the ridge on the left, the footing being sometimes quite hidden under the luxuriant growth of ferns. Occasional glimpses of the Franconia range are to be had.

"Gradually surmounting the ridge at a very acute angle, the trees on the top being largely dead, and therefore furnishing a poor background for 'blazes,' and the ground being covered with ferns, the path should be followed with great care. Soon after the junction with the path from Beaver Meadows, the Tiptop House may be seen through the trees a little to the left about a mile distant. The path creeps part way up, and along the side of the wooded knob on the right, and by the brink of the immense Jobildunk ravine. In the little depression between this knob and the main summit a clear cold spring bubbles up under some logs in the path. The zigzag ascent from this point to the barn and hotel requires about twenty minutes." — *Karl P. Harrington.*

A pleasanter way to climb Moosilauke, is to follow the "Lost River" path to "Beaver Meadows" and then the path along Beaver Brook by "Beaver Falls" to the crest of the ridge where the path meets the path described above, but the path by Beaver Falls is hard to climb.

Mt. MOOSILAUKE is also reached by carriage road from BREEZY POINT. Breezy Point is nine miles from North Woodstock, over the new State road to Warren, which branches to the left (south) one-half mile beyond Agassiz Basin. A party, by starting early, may be driven from North Woodstock to Breezy Point and up the mountain, dine at the Tip Top House, and reach North Woodstock again in one long, fatiguing day.

JACKMAN FALLS.

Jackman Falls are a series of pretty cascades on Jackman brook on the north side of Mt. Cilley.

Take road to Agassiz Basin; one-half mile beyond the Basin the road forks. Take the left fork, which is the road to Warren and Breezy Point. Follow the road over level easy grades one mile to a grassy clearing on both sides of the road. On the right (north) side is the entrance to the path to Moosilauke (sign). On the left will be found a path (sign 1897) leading up by the pretty Jackman brook. One and one-half to two miles up this path and brook, and you come to the remains of an old milldam.

Jackman Falls is the cascade about 300 feet below the dam, on the left (west) side of the brook. The fall is not more than twelve to fifteen feet high. It is pretty after a rain, but is not worth a special trip to see it as a fall. The Jackman brook is very pretty and the great rock sheets above and below the fall are well worth a half day's excursion. Follow the brook bed down in returning for a half mile. Distance from Warren road one and one-half to two miles. Time, one hour.

A path on the left (west) side of the brook leads to a clearing four or five rods from the brook, the site of the old

JACKMAN FARM.

This was once a well tilled farm but it is fast growing up to jungle. There is a mysterious charm about this sunny clearing in the heart of the woods, with its deserted cellar wall from which long since the house has disappeared, and near by the beds of balm, "old maid's pinks" and other old garden flowers which still survive beneath the gnarled old apple trees.

On the right (east) of the brook, opposite the old milldam, a fairly easy path leads, in thirty minutes, one and one-half miles, to

the Mt. Cilley clearing which it enters by the old schoolhouse walls. A sign should mark this spot. From this point a smooth but steep descent leads to the main road to Woodstock near the Fern Hill Farm of Sylvester Sawyer (north) in one and one-quarter hours.

The round trip from Warren road to Jackman Falls, then to Mt. Cilley and the Woodstock road or in the opposite direction is one of the most delightful all day trips to be had. (See Mt. Cilley.) Distance seven to eight miles. There is some steep climbing but not severe as it is all over old roads or paths where horses used to go. It is a walk for an all day's loitering stroll with lunch carried and eaten by Jackman Falls or in the Mt. Cilley pastures.

MT. KINSMAN

Is the lofty wooded mountain to the west of Mt. Cannon. It is composed of two summits, a sharp north peak and a rounded plateau for the top of the south summit. It is more easily reached from Benton's and Easton. It is very remote and hard to climb and is only for the strong mountaineer to visit. It is always a striking and satisfying feature in the views from North Woodstock.

The Blue Ridge is the southern portion of the Mt. Kinsman range and extends far down the valley. It is the high dark ridge which almost hides the top of Moosilauke from North Woodstock.

Mt. Wolf is the striking, bold crest in the Blue Ridge, south of Kinsman. It is wooded to the top.

Mt. Jim is the peak in the Blue Ridge which almost hides Moosilauke from North Woodstock.

Waternoinee, Kinneo and Cushman are densely wooded peaks, south of the Blue Ridge and are not worth the climb.

POINTS OF INTEREST EAST OF NORTH WOODSTOCK.

POLLARD'S.

The road running east from the highway and Middle Branch, one-half mile north of North Woodstock, ends in one and one-half miles at Pollard's, the last farmhouse on the

edge of the vast East Branch Wilderness. Since 1892 the lumber railroad and the camps have pushed in twelve miles into the Wilderness, but Pollard's is still the last farmhouse.

It was formerly a popular boarding house for sportsmen, but the nearness of the noisy sawmills and lumber village of Henryville has made it undesirable for families. The genial old landlord is an interesting character and delights to show to visitors the cleft rock and the iron mineral spring which, in his opinion, is of great value.

Mr. Prime wrote of the view : " Nowhere in our Northern Alps is a more beautiful view than is spread out in every direction from Pollard's House." Visitors should drive over to this point to see how grandly Moosilauke rises above the lesser ridges which in North Woodstock Village hide the great arch of its dome.

Bond, Guyot, the Twin Mountains and Carrigain are reached from Pollard's and a two days' hard tramp brings one to the Crawford Notch past the famous but secluded Thoreau Falls and Willey and Ethan's Ponds. William Pollard is a good guide to this region.

Big and Little Coolidge Mountains are climbed from Pollard's through the high pastures back of the house.

BIG COOLIDGE is the high wooded mountain with twin crests which rises back of Pollard's. It has no view.

LITTLE COOLIDGE is the rounded, low summit west of Big Coolidge; no view.

EAST BRANCH WILDERNESS.

This vast wilderness, twenty-five miles square, stretches from Pollard's to the Crawford Notch, and from the Twin Mountain House to the lake valleys of Sandwich and Ossipee. It is shut in on the east and west by the precipitous Willey and Franconia ranges, and the massive, balsam-covered Twin range runs

through it from north to south. This primeval forest preserve is crossed by a net-work of bright trout brooks and still lakes—the delight of the fisherman—while the deer and bear still roam in the same freedom as in the centuries before the white man drove the Indian westward from this wilderness and from the Pemigewasset Valley, his favorite and happy hunting ground. The Twin Mountains and Mt. Bond may be reached from North Woodstock by a long day's tramp, sixteen miles from Pollard's. Mt Bond is at the centre of the White Mountains and the view from it is magnificent and worth the long and arduous walk and climb to its far-off, scrub-guarded summit.

HENRYVILLE.

Far up the rugged mountain sides stretch the forests of spruce and pine, and the demand for lumber drives the lumberman into the remote wilderness. The firm of J. E. Henry & Sons have a very costly series of mills at Henryville and millions of feet of lumber are cut and shipped annually. Visitors should see the great saws which cut the giant logs into white lumber of the finest quality.

Henryville is one and one-half miles from North Woodstock depot by a branch road from the highway to Pollard's or by a direct road from the depot.

Tourists can obtain a special train up the lumber railroad, twelve to fifteen miles to the camps on the Hancock Branch by applying to Mr. Henry.

LINCOLN.

The town of Lincoln is almost a forest town. It has no village, and the few farms are along the road from North Woodstock to the Notch and to Pollard's. All the points of interest are put in the chapter on North Woodstock, from which they are approached. The railroad station and post-office, "Lincoln, N.H.", is at Henryville.

POINTS OF INTEREST NORTH OF NORTH
WOODSTOCK.

RUSSELL FALLS.

The Middle Branch of the Pemigewasset river falls over some ledges just opposite the centre of the village making a series of cascades or rapids, which after a heavy rain are quite picturesque and swift. In summer a plank bridge usually crosses above them to the grounds of the Deer Park Hotel across the river. The cascades are behind and a little to the north of French's Hotel and the Opera House, three hundred feet from the main street. The falls are also called "Deer Park Cascades."

GEORGIANNA FALLS.

These interesting cascades are on the Harvard or Bog brook, high up on the side of Mount Pemigewasset, two to three miles from the highway. They were discovered and named in 1858. Some Harvard students claimed to have previously found and named them, and the State Geologist ingeniously compromised the dispute by naming the brook Harvard Brook, but the people of the valley still call it Bog Brook.

There are two ways of reaching the falls: First, by a path leaving the highway on the west a few rods north of Frank Clark's, three miles north of North Woodstock, two miles south of Flume House. The old path starts in the belt of woods opposite Russell's; a new one starts in Hanson's field twenty rods beyond. Both these paths unite in one-eighth mile.

The path crosses Bog brook in ten minutes, and then follows up the course of it, crossing it occasionally. The first half mile is very indistinct and should be cut over. The falls are reached in one to one and one-half hours from the road. It is a hard climb; amateurs should not go alone. The falls are about two hundred feet high in several cascades, the upper one being eighty feet in a single leap. There is a fine view of it from a point on the left bank at the foot of the falls looking over its deep

basin. A beautiful basin is near the upper fall. From the cliff above the falls a fine view is obtained down the Pemigewasset Valley through the steep gorge. After a heavy rain the falls can be seen from North Woodstock, showing white in the dark ravine. One hundred rods above the falls the brook crosses a wide, smooth log road, which runs following nearly the course of the brook for one and one-half to two miles to Bog Pond. The easiest way to return is to follow down this road three miles through a series of snow sheds, unusual in the White Mountains, and rather weird in their dim tunnels, to Hall & Gray's mills, one-half mile north of the path near Clark's. The other way to reach the falls is to climb this road from Hall & Gray's, three miles to where the road is crossed by the brook, then descend the brook one hundred rods to the falls. The falls should be visited only after heavy rain has filled the brook. The log road is the smoothest and quickest. The path through the woods is the coolest and most beautiful.

BOG POND

Is a picturesque sheet of water high up under the west side of Mount Pemigewasset. It is filled with large trout rather strong flavored from the woody water. It is reached by a log road four to five miles from Hall & Gray's mill, three and one-half miles north of North Woodstock, or by a path leaving the road just south of the bridge over Bog or Harvard brook, two and one-half miles north of North Woodstock. This path passes in ten minutes through an old lumber village, "Little Canada," and then follows a pleasant but steep forest path and log road for four miles. The road from the mills passes near Georgianna Falls, which are one hundred rods down stream where the road, three or four miles from the mills, crosses a large brook. The lower end is "Bog Eddy."

MT. LIBERTY HOUSE.

Four miles from North Woodstock and one mile south of the Flume House is the Mt. Liberty House (Charles Hunt). It is in the town of Lincoln but belongs by right in the list of the North Woodstock hotels. Its view of the

rocky spires and deep ravines of Lafayette, Lincoln and Liberty almost equals that of the Flume House and is only surpassed by the view from a mountain top. It is a new house, and for airy spacious rooms, newly furnished, for abundant and well-cooked food and for attentive hosts, it has no superior among the moderate priced hotels. It merits and will receive, when known, an increasing and enthusiastic number of guests. It is within easy walking reach of the wonders of the Franconia Notch, the Flume (two miles), Pool (one and one-half miles), Basin (two and one-half miles), Profile (six miles), etc.

Its only drawback is its distance from the depot, which should recommend it to every true lover of nature or any one seeking a quiet home for his summer rest.

Paths lead from the hotel to Mt. Pemigewasset and Georgianna Falls. It is especially recommended as a desirable hotel for families who spend an entire summer. Carriages from the Mt. Liberty House meet every train at North Woodstock and the drive to the hotel is over four miles of the world-famous stage ride to the Profile House.

ADAM'S SPRING

Two miles north of North Woodstock and a few rods beyond Harvard or Bog Brook, the road crosses a small stream flowing into a small granite basin on the right, east of the road. A sign reads, "C. H. Adam's Spring." A thirsty traveller should take a cup of this cold, white water.

BOG, OR HARVARD BROOK

Crosses the highway one-quarter mile north of Tuttle's. It is a picturesque brook worth following up and down from the bridge. It flows down from Bog Pond and Georgianna Falls, three to four miles away.

TUTTLE'S,

An old tavern in the days when stages ran from Plymouth to the Notch, is one and one-half miles from North Woodstock, in Lincoln on the left (west) of the road. It is used as a farmhouse, sometimes accommodating a few boarders. It needs mention here because of the splendid row of full grown, graceful sugar maples, which stretches for hundreds of feet north and south of the house on the east side of the road. One-eighth mile south of Tuttle's a road turning to the east from the highway and crossing the Middle Branch, a few rods further, is a private road to the Deer Park Hotel. The walk from North Woodstock, northward, past Parker's Mill to Tuttle's, and over this side road to the Deer Park, and back to the village, is a favorite afternoon or evening stroll. Distance, two and one-half miles, over almost level roads. with a succession of pleasing views.

LUMBER MILLS.

There are several sawmills on the road to the Flume House, and beyond. Parker's Mill, a sawmill with a pretty pond one-quarter mile north of the village; Colby's, two and one-half miles from North Woodstock on the east of the road. Hall and Gray's, one-half mile further north at the end of the branch lumber railroad from North Woodstock. Whitehouse's Mills are one mile above the Flume House on the road to the Profile. It is a collection of the usual monotonous, red ochre colored buildings found in lumber camps with two large mills lining the road for one-eighth of a mile. It is the only blot on the otherwise perfect road from the Flume to the Profile. In a few years more it is hoped that the adjacent forests will be stripped of their lumber and that the noisy, shifting life of a lumber camp will have vanished from the Notch for a generation at least. All the rest of the road runs through land belonging to the Profile House and is protected against injury.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

THE DEER PARK HOTEL is the largest house in North Woodstock. It is on the east side of the river in the middle

of an estate of one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres, composed of shady groves, grassy farms and tangled forest. It is a dozen rods distant from the depot, and three-quarters mile from the village by road. In summer a plank foot-bridge across the river makes the village accessible in one-eighth mile. The hotel was built about 1884 by Mr. S. N. Bell of Manchester, N.H., whose wise and far-reaching plans for the development of North Woodstock as a summer resort were cut short by his sudden death a few years later. The house has wide verandas, large, cool and scrupulously neat rooms, with pleasant views, furnished in the best fashion, and warmed with steam heat. An abundance of pure water from springs high up on the mountain, and a perfect system of drainage, makes it a most desirable summer home. Mr. J. R. Elliott, formerly of the Flume House, is the manager of the hotel, and those who have in former days eaten one of the famous Flume House dinners need no further assurance of the quality of the Deer Park table. From the bell decks of the hotel wide views are gained of the Pemigewasset Valley and Franconia Notch. Guests can pass many happy hours in the groves about the house and beside the sparkling river.

THE ALPINE, the second in size among the hotels, is on a plateau on the main street, one-quarter mile north of the post-office. It has an unobstructed view in every direction from its wide piazzas, and its rooms and table and service are of the best.

FRENCH's HOTEL is an all-the-year-round hotel on the main street, nearly opposite the post-office. Its large, steam-heated rooms, with fine views, make it a desirable place for early or late guests, and winter snow-shoeing or sleighing excursions.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE is a large boarding house on the main street, near the Alpine. It has large, cool rooms, pleasant grounds, excellent table, and fine views.

THE MOUNT LIBERTY HOUSE, though four miles north, in the town of Lincoln, belongs with North Woodstock hotels. It is described in a special paragraph elsewhere.

THE CASCADE HOUSE, the Innette, North Woodstock House and Sanborn's Inn, are on the main street, near stores and post-office, with pleasant views of river and mountain.

THE PINE RIDGE HOUSE is five minutes from the post-office to the west, on a street parallel with the main street.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW is on a sightly knoll a few rods south of the post-office, and has the finest view of any boarding house along the village street.

THE THREE RIVERS HOUSE is a pleasant, comfortable house, with large rooms, one-eighth mile south on the main highway, near the Moosilauke brook and the Mummies.

THE PARKER HOUSE is one mile south of the village, in a delightful location. (See special paragraph.)

SUNSET FARM is a quiet boarding house on the east side of the river, one mile from the village. (See special paragraph.)

THE FAIRVIEW is one-quarter mile beyond the Sunset Farm, with its pleasant grounds and splendid view. (See special paragraph.)

THE MOUNTAIN PARK is two and a half miles down the valley, on the east side of the river, in the midst of charming scenery.

THE FERN HILL FARM, on the west side of the river on the main highway, three miles south of the village, is so beautifully located that its distance from the village is

unobjectionable. The most desirable mountain boarding houses are usually in sightly locations, distant from post-office and depot, and the Fern Hill Farm is in the midst of a delightful landscape.

The quality of table and service varies from ordinary to excellent in the different hotels; but as the editor can only speak from personal knowledge of part of them, he prefers not to criticise any.

DRIVES.

The drives to the Franconia Notch are the finest in the valley; but the drive over the Pondfield Road to Agassiz Basin and Mountainside, is exceptionally fine, as is also the drive to Pollard's.

The most beautiful drive after the one to the Franconia Notch is the one around the circle to Woodstock Centre, down the west side of the river, returning on the east side, past "Woodbury Farm," "River View," "Mountain Park House" and "Fairview." The afternoon drive to Mirror Lake and West Thornton is charming, and the all-day drives to Mill Brook Cascades, to the "Stag and Hounds" in Campton, or to the far-off summit of Moosilauke, are full of noble and famous views.

The livery is usually fair and the prices vary with the distance.

WALKS.

There are scores of delightful walks in and about the village. The principal easy ones are: —

Northward — * Russell Falls (in centre of town); Parker's Mill, one-quarter mile; Tuttle's and Harvard Brook and Adam's Spring, one and a half miles.

*Starred names are the finest walks.

Eastward — Deer Park, three-quarters mile ; *Pollard's, two miles ; Henryville, one and a half miles ; Banks of the East Branch, one-half mile.

Westward — * Bell's Cascade, one mile ; * Agassiz Basin, two miles ; * Mountainside, two and a half miles ; * Moosilauke Brook Ramble, one mile ; Lawton Farm, three miles.

Southward — * Mummies, one-quarter mile ; * Artist's View, one-half mile ; Nenemoosha Rocks, one-half mile ; * Ferncliff, three-eighths mile ; * Quisesana, one-half mile ; * Parker's Ledge, three-quarters mile ; * Parker House, one mile ; Fairview, one and a half miles.

For harder walks, see chapter on mountaineering.

* Starred names are the finest walks.



THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

“ Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden network in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire! ”

A NOBLE mountain-pass, five to six miles long, cuts through the heart of the Franconia Mountains at an altitude of 1974 feet above the sea. From the bright little Profile Lake, lying close under the sheer cliffs of Cannon Mountain, the marvellously clear waters of the middle branch of the Pemigewasset river dash downward through a narrow valley one-half mile wide, that contains more objects of curiosity to the traveller than any other region of equal extent in the White Mountains. A narrow road follows the windings of the brook through cool and fairy-like vistas of maple and beech trees, and the slender fringed columns of gray and yellow birches.

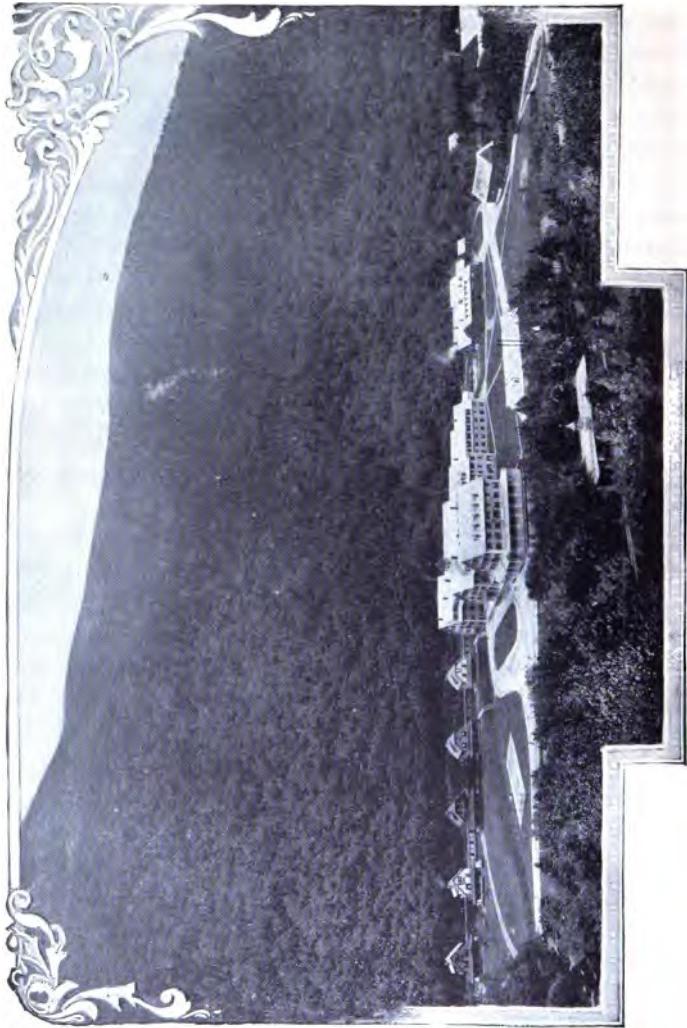
On either side of the valley are lofty mountain walls, their alpine peaks rising from the primeval forests around their bases, still untouched by the axe and unscarred by fire; within whose deep recesses scores of waterfalls leap

into strange rock-carved basins. The stage ride through the Notch has been renowned for fifty years and is still enjoyed by those who approach the pass from the Pemigewasset valley, as the railroad has not yet penetrated the Notch from the south.

"Those who would thoroughly enjoy a forenoon and taste with eye and ear the freshness of the forest, the glancing light on a mountain stream, the rare beauty of the mosses on its banks, the colors at the bottom of its cool, still pools, the over-arching grace of its trees, or the busy babble of its broken and sparkling tide, should walk from the Profile House to the Flume, down the river which runs parallel with the road, but partly concealed from it by the forest."

Harriet Martineau said: "The Franconia Notch is the noblest mountain pass in the United States."

"Of the two great White Mountain passes, the Crawford Notch is the more impressive, the Franconia Notch is the more beautiful. Large portions of the wall opposite the Profile House are more sheer than Willey or Webster in the great Notch, but it bends in a more graceful curve; the purple tinge of the rocks is always grateful to the eye, and instead of the sandy desolation over and around the Willey House, the forest foliage that clammers up the sharp acclivities relieves the sombreness of the bending battlement by its color and softens its sublimity into grace The scenery is more picturesque, the affluence of wood and foliage is extraordinary; you walk or drive continually between the most lovely wild hedges of hazel, elm, sumach, sugar-maple, yellow birch, fir trees, spruces and pines; and on all sides is heard the singing and roaring of the mountain streams, clear as silver, through the passes of the hills."



PROFILE HOUSE FROM EAGLE CLIFF.

THE PROFILE HOUSE.

In the midst of a little glen 1,974 feet above the sea, between the two great mountain cliffs of Cannon Mountain and Eagle Cliff that drop their shaggy, forest-covered sides to the edge of the lawn, stands the Profile House like a great castle of olden days, guarding the pass. Its dining hall is the largest and finest in the mountains, and in its spacious parlor, 100 x 50 feet, with annexed dancing hall, the five hundred to six hundred guests find ample room. Post and telegraph offices, billiard halls and bowling alleys, and all the delights and comforts with which modern times and skill surround the traveller in the most luxurions of city hotels, await the guest in this eyrie in the heart of the primeval forest. A cuisine of unrivalled quality and variety tempts the appetite, made eager by the stimulating air, with fruits and dainties from the other side of the world, or with fresh trout from the sparkling lakes and streams of the wilderness a few rods away. The rates are \$4.50 a day, with reductions to permanent guests.

The railroad trains come up the Notch, unseen and almost unheard, from Bethlehem, and discharge their passengers at a little depot hidden among the trees, a dozen rods away; and the traveller, after a few steps, finds himself receiving the ever-cordial welcome of the host, Mr. Chas. H. Greenleaf, and his attentive and courteous clerks, — making him feel once more that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn."

A group of cottages on the lawn near at hand, close under the ledges of Cannon, furnish the opportunity for family quiet and seclusion free from all cares of housekeeping. Men of action find at hand peaks and ravines that challenge their utmost endeavor, and quieter souls can rest

on the broad verandas, hundreds of feet long, and find never-ending pleasure in the scene before them.

The first Profile House, now the red building to the north of the hotel, used as the dormitory of the servants, was built in 1852. It was at first called the "Lafayette House."

One forgets the distant cities with their stifling heat, for "it is always cool at the Profile House"; and in the deep, old-fashioned fireplace in the office, gray, lichen-covered logs burn brightly almost all the time,—a bit of winter in the heart of summer.

The view from the Profile House is beyond the power of words to fittingly describe. Poets have sung it, famous artists, with magic fingers, have painted it; but all fail to give the true impression of the restful peace that falls on mind and heart and soul from the crests of the encircling mountains and the purple rocks of Eagle Cliff, through the pure, clear, fragrant mountain air.

Mr. W. C. Prime says: "The grandeur of evening in the Franconia Notch is beyond all words, nay, beyond human ability to appreciate. There are higher mountains, deeper ravines, more precipitous cliffs in the world, but nowhere in my wanderings have I found such lights as the departing sun leaves on the White Hills of New Hampshire. . . . No capacity of enjoyment is sufficient to appreciate the variety and change of the sunset and evening lights in the Franconia Notch, and though one has seen them a thousand times, he sees them each evening with new and sober delight, sometimes rising into awe."

POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE PROFILE HOUSE.

Northward. Mount Lafayette (top), three and three-quarters miles; Cannon Mountain, top two miles; Echo Lake, three-quarters mile; Artist's Bluff, one and one quarter miles; Bald Mountain, one and three-quarter miles; Profile Farm, two and one-

half miles; Franconia, five miles; Bethlehem, ten miles; Sugar Hill, six miles; Jefferson, twenty-five miles; Littleton, eleven miles.

Southward. Profile and Profile Lake, one-half mile; Lonesome Lake, four miles; Walker's Falls, four miles; Basin, three and one-half miles; Flume House, five miles; Flume, six miles; Pool, five and one-half miles; Mount Pemigewasset, six and one-quarter miles; North Woodstock, ten miles; Plymouth, thirty miles.

ECHO LAKE.

Echo Lake is three-quarters of a mile north of the Profile House, along the road. It is one of the sources of the Ammonoosuc river. On a bluff over the lake is a cottage for the sale of photographs and souvenirs. On the edge of the lake is a boathouse, where rowboats may be hired. A small steam launch takes parties around the lake for a small fee. The lake is named from the clear, perfect echo from the opposing sides of Cannon and Eagle Cliff in mocking repetitions. The best point is near the centre of the lake, where three-syllabled words will be repeated. The man in charge of the boats will blow a horn for the visitor, and the sweet, musical echoes will repeat, fainter and fainter, far up the rocky sides of Mount Lafayette.

A path encircles the lake two miles (one hour), except on the farther (east) side, where the railroad runs, and leads one-quarter mile from the boathouse along the white, sandy shores to the path to Artist's Bluff and Bald Mountain.

"Franconia is more fortunate in its little tarn that is rimmed by the wilderness and watched by the grizzled peak of Lafayette, than in the old Stone Face from which it has gained so much celebrity. Its more sacred use is not narrowed to the bounds of the stream which it supplies in part with gentle pulse. Thousands have seen it whose hearts its springs have fed with unwasting water, and in whose memory its beautiful surface, swept by the gentle edges of the summer breeze and burnished by the sunlight, is a sweet and perennial symbol of purity and peace."



ECHO LAKE FROM BALD MOUNTAIN.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

Bald Mountain is a high rocky knoll north of Echo Lake. It is one and three-quarters miles from the Profile House, an easy climb accessible to ladies. Time, one hour.

Follow the road past Echo Lake to the height of land one-half mile beyond Echo Lake where there is a deserted building on the right (east) of the road. A few rods beyond this building a path turns off to the right. It is an old carriage road which once ran nearly to the summit of Bald Mountain and could easily be restored, and is plain and easy. One-half mile from the main road a path turns to the left up the steep slope, and a five or ten minutes' clamber up the rocks where a stairway once stood and over some low ledges leads to a little sheltered pavilion on the summit of Bald Mountain. The view is entrancing. On the north and west stretch the sunlit farms of Franconia, Bethlehem and Lancaster, with the Green mountains in the distance on the horizon; south, the high green ridges of Cannon and Kinsman; southeast, the vast pile of Lafayette, with its storm-shattered crest, rises above the profound slide-scarred White Cross Ravine, so called from the cross of snow that is seen from Franconia in the winter. To the right and below is the blue sheet of Echo Lake at the foot of the precipitous Eagle Cliff, bristling with spiky trees; a most satisfying prospect. The best time to visit Bald Mountain is in the late afternoon, when the northern valleys are filled with sunshine and the violet shadows are creeping up the sides of the Notch. One-quarter mile from Bald Mountain is another pavilion on the top of a ledge over-hanging Echo Lake, called

ARTIST'S BLUFF,

which has a view of Echo Lake and the surrounding cliffs, surpassing that from Bald Mountain. Descend to the old road from the top of Bald Mountain, follow the road further on till it comes to a plain path which leads over bushy ledges in ten minutes to Artist's Bluff. A path leads from Artist's Bluff down to the shores of the lake and along a level path around

the curving shores to the boathouse and road. Artist's Bluff is one and one-quarter miles from the Profile House. Time, three-quarters hour.

PROFILE SPRING.

Half way from the hotel to Echo Lake, a few rods from the road, is the Profile spring. The cold water is of the most absolute purity and is used exclusively for the guests of the house. The water wells up in the middle of a quaint, odd-roofed little building with doors opening on every side.

PROFILE FARM.

Two and one-half miles from the Profile House on the road to Franconia is a grassy, fertile farm where are raised the fresh vegetables used at the Profile House. A large herd of sleek and gentle Jersey and Holstein cows graze its rich pastures and furnish an abundance of rich cream, milk and butter for the guests of the hotel.

A golf links has been laid out on the farm where lovers of the game may enjoy their favorite pastime amidst the restful scenery.

PROFILE STABLE.

A large, picturesque, many-gabled barn and stable twenty rods from the hotel behind a belt of trees, contains all sorts of equipages and horses, ever at the disposal of the guests for drives over the smooth, shaded Notch-road, or to the summer cities of Bethlehem and Jefferson, and ample accommodations for the teams of transient or permanent visitors.

EAGLE CLIFF.

Eagle Cliff is a great spur of Mt. Lafayette running to the west and northwest and separated from the mountain by the deep and tangled White Cross Ravine. It is 3,446 feet above the sea, and 1,472 feet above the Profile House, which it overhangs. It was named about fifty years ago by Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, who found an eagle's nest high up in the beetling crags. The eagles were absent for many years

but a pair were seen in the summer of 1897 flying about the sides of Mt. Lincoln and Lafayette. The sunset colors on this mighty cliff are magnificent and the cloud effects about it are wonderful.

"It is a charming object to study. Except in some of the great ravines of the Mount Washington range, which it costs great toil to reach, there is no such exhibition of precipitous rock to be found; and how gracefully it is festooned with the climbing birches, maples, spruces and vines!"

Follow the Lafayette path, across the road from the Profile



EAGLE CLIFF AND PROFILE HOUSE.

House, up the side of Eagle Cliff one mile to a notch; then turn to the left (north) from the path, and scramble up the tangled mountain-side, no path, to the top. Distance from the notch one-half to three-quarters mile; time, one-half hour. When the wooded summit is reached, be very careful in approaching the edge of the sheer precipices, especially where the slides have occurred, as the earth is treacherous and loose. Return to the path, or go down the ridge on its north or east side with the greatest caution, as many impassable ledges block the way. Only experienced climbers should take this trip, and they must be careful. The peak has been ascended from near Echo Lake. The view of Mount Cannon and the Profile House from the outlooks is grand and impressive.

THE PROFILE.

The supreme treasure and wonder of the Notch is the great stone face, the world-famous Profile, the "Old Man of the Mountain," ever gazing southward from the ledges on the upper cliffs of Cannon Mountain. It is a wonderful semblance of the human face, formed by three separate disconnected ledges, in different vertical lines, about forty feet in height, 1,200 feet above the lake beneath it. One rock forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip and the third the massive chin. The best and only view is from a point on the road one-eighth mile south of the Profile House near the summer house looking over Profile Lake. The face looks to the southeast. If one moves a short distance in either direction the likeness disappears. The rocks are composed of a rapidly crumbling granite and there is a danger that before many years the Profile may vanish away. It was discovered in 1805, by Francis Whitcomb and Luke Brooks who were working on the Notch road, and a doubtful legend says it was worshipped by the Indians as the face of the Great Spirit. The best time to see it is in the



THE PROFILE.

late afternoon when the face is relieved against the bright western sky. It is

"A piece of sculpture older than the Sphinx, an intimation of the human countenance, which is the crown of all beauty, that was pushed out from the coarse strata of New England thousands of years before Adam. The expression is really noble, with a suggestion of melancholy. He seems waiting for some visitor or message. Those who can see it with a thunder cloud behind and the slaty scud driving thin across it, will carry away the grandest impression it ever makes on the beholder's mind.

"But when, after an August shower, late in the afternoon, the mists that rise from the forest below, congregate around it, and smitten with sunshine, break as they drift against its nervous outline, and hiding the mass of the mountain which it overhangs, isolate it with a thin halo, the countenance, awful, but benignant, is as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple."—*Starr King.*

PROFILE LAKE.

Profile Lake is one-eighth mile south of the Profile House, five minutes' walk by the road or by a shady path under the trees. It lies at the foot of Mt. Cannon and underneath the Profile, which it mirrors, surrounded by forests. It was once called "Ferrin's Pond," later "The Old Man's Washbowl," names fortunately long since given up, for its present fitting title. It is one-half mile long by one-quarter mile wide. On the east side near the road is an artistic, rustic boathouse, where numerous rowboats of graceful model are kept for the use of guests of the Profile House. To get the full beauty of the lake the visitor should row out over the lake and see Eagle Cliff rise over the trees, and floating idly watch the perfect reflections in the glassy water. Profile Lake is the source of the main branch of the Pemi-gewasset river.



PROFILE LAKE AND EAGLE CLIFF.

A summer house on a sightly knoll gives a never-to-be forgotten picture of the pellucid lake, the steep wooded slope and the majestic Profile overlooking all.

PROFILE LAKE RAMBLE.

A smooth easy path, an ideal, woodland ramble, leads around the lake close to its edge, giving scores of idyllic glimpses of lake and mountain. Distance around one and one-half miles. Minimum time, thirty minutes.

PROFILE TROUT POND.

On the opposite side of the road from Profile Lake, a few rods nearer the Profile House, is a small pond where trout are bred for the hotel. It is interesting to watch the tame fish gather at

the side of the water near the visitor, who should provide himself with some bread crumbs for them.

CANNON MOUNTAIN,

Sometimes called, wrongly, Profile Mountain, is the long massive ridge which forms the western wall of the Franconia Notch, and is separated from Mt. Kinsman by a narrow, deep, rough ravine. Its height is 3,580 feet above the sea, or 1,876 feet above the Profile House. It is of granite, with bare rocky areas and the summit partly covered with trees. It is so near the rear of the hotel that it seems as if a boulder falling from its crest would fall on the roof of the Profile House. The cliffs to the east and southeast are impassable and formed of curious, overlapping sheets of granite.

The cannon from which the mountain gets its name, is a boulder of granite, near the summit on the Notch side. It closely resembles a mounted cannon, when seen from below, in front of the Profile House.

The path to Mt. Cannon starts from the rear or west end of the Profile House. The summit is one and one-half to two miles from the hotel. The path is plain but rises very steeply and continuously all the way, making it, although short, a hard, hot and exhausting climb. Time, two hours. Ladies unused to hard climbing ought not to attempt it. The path, after climbing the steep side, passes through some dwarf trees and emerges on the ledges. One should go down the slope several rods on the left of the path to the cannon to see the Profile House in the narrow glen almost beneath one's feet, and the mighty ridges of Lafayette opposite. Return to end of path and then follow the ridge by a long and difficult descent over the ledges, no path, a half mile to the rocks of the Profile, difficult to recognize, where the extremest caution must be used. It is not worth while for the ordinary visitor to go to this point.

The view cannot be obtained from any one point, as the ridge is wooded in many places. The most striking object is Mt. Lafayette showing its great spurs and ravines, and the curving course of the Pemigewasset river can be traced from its source in Profile Lake to far down its broad and beautiful valley. This is the chief attraction of Mt Cannon.

The west summit of Mt. Cannon is slightly higher than the one near the Notch, and a wide sweep of view is obtained. It is reached by an hour's walk through dense low thickets and scrub; no path. From this point the ridge can be followed southward and descended on the west side to a point near Lonesome Lake, whence an easy path leads to the road. Only experienced mountaineers should attempt this walk over the ridge of Cannon as the high ledges are frequently impassable and when passable are dangerous.

LAFAYETTE PLACE.

Two and one-half miles south of the Profile House, one sees a wide clearing on the right (west) side of the road, where the old "Half-Way" House was located years ago. It has been called Lafayette Place. Visitors should leave the road and go to the middle of the clearing for the impressive view of the overhanging precipices of Cannon Mountain and the jagged peaks rising above the forest of the Lafayette range. The finest view of Mt. Lincoln and its crags is obtained from this point. From this clearing a path leads up to

LONESOME LAKE.

A lonely sheet of water on the south shoulder of Mt. Cannon, under a high bluff, 1,000 feet above the road. The bridle path to the lake, although steep and zigzag, is the best made and best kept among the mountains. The lake and surrounding territory is owned by Messrs. W. C. Prime

and W. F. Bridge of New York, who have stocked it with trout and built a quaint log cabin on its shore. Visitors are not allowed to fish in the lake. The lake was first called Tamarack Pond, then Moran Lake. The present owners call it by its present appropriate name. One of the finest views of Lafayette is obtained from a boat near the southwest shore where the gray, ragged crest shows above the forest tops.

WALKER'S FALLS.

Walker's Falls are on the Walker Brook, three miles south of the Profile House and one-half mile south of the clearing at Lafayette Place. They are near the path to Mts. Lincoln and Lafayette. A broad, clear logging road leaves the highway at Dry Brook, at a point where, in 1897, the main road was washed away and its course changed.

Three-eighths mile (twenty minutes) up this logging road leads to a lumber camp where the road crosses the brook by a log bridge. Fifteen minutes further one comes to a second brook, Walker Brook; no bridge. One-half mile up this brook bed brings one to the lower Walker's Falls, a series of step-like cascades over sheets of granite. Above is a fall fifty feet high over blocks of granite. One-half mile further up the brook (rough climbing) are splendid upper falls where the water makes a clear leap of sixty feet. See the fall from the great boulder near its base. Just above a branch brook comes in, and the sliding cascades continue far up the brook. Visit the falls, if possible, only when the water is high.

THE HALFWAY HOUSE

Is a rude building a little south of Dry Brook, and three miles south of the Profile House, where for many years, until 1897, Mrs. Guernsey sold souvenirs, alpenstocks, "maple sugar cakes with walnuts in them," etc., to thousands of visitors. She is now located one-half mile south of the Flume House, on the road to North Woodstock, in a house of her own where she still makes and sells her souvenirs. Near the Halfway House

the cold sparkling water of a tiny rill, brought down in a wooden trough, tumbles into a large watering trough. It is as refreshing to the taste as to the eye. A short distance north of this house one should notice that a brook, crossing the road, flows for some distance along the crest of a low, narrow ridge with the ground falling away on each side, instead of in the gully, as usual.

THE BASIN.

One and one-half miles north of the Flume House, three and one-half miles south of Profile, is a large granite pot-hole beside the road, its bowl sixty feet in circumference and fifteen feet deep, filled with the cold, pellucid water of the Pemigewasset, of a striking deep-green tint. The brook falls into the basin over a cascade ten feet high, and on the opposite side a curious rock like a leg and foot projects into the transparent water. From the basin by a bridge over the cascade a short path of one hundred feet leads to an exquisite little cascade and brook where the

CASCADE BROOK,

Or **BASIN BROOK**, joins the Pemigewasset river. Cascade Brook is "the finest brook in America for scenery as well as for small trout."

The brook falls one thousand feet in three-quarters of a mile. In the lower part near the basin, the water slips over splendid sheets of granite one hundred feet wide. A path follows the brook one-half mile up stream to the **BASIN FALLS**, a massive plunge of thirty feet into a dark pool of great depth enwalled by lofty ledges. The **ISLAND FALLS** are one-half mile above. They consist of three cascades — eight, sixteen and sixteen feet respectively. The best view is from the rugged knoll on the west bank. One and one-half miles above there is a meeting of the streams, and from that point, one and one-half miles up the brook on the right, is **LONESOME LAKE**. The **ISLAND FALLS** are only one-half mile from the road through the Notch, which can be reached from the falls in twenty

minutes by striking directly to the east. This short cut is only convenient in dry weather when the Pemigewasset is low.

THE DOG PROFILE

Is a few rods south of the Basin on the east side of the road. It is a boulder which, seen from the south one hundred feet away, bears a very interesting resemblance to a dog's head.

THE YOUNG FLUME

(A meaningless name), formerly Stone Flume, is a few rods south of the Dog Profile, on a path leading west to the brook. It is a channel worn by the brook in the solid rock.



THE FLUME HOUSE.

THE FLUME HOUSE.

" White clouds a-sail in the shining blue,
With shadows dropt to dredge the lands,
A mountain wind and a marching storm,
And a sound in the trees like waves on the sands;
A mist to soften the shaggy side
Of the great green hills, till they lie as dim
As the hills in a childhood memory.
The back of an upland pasture steep,
With delicate fern beds notching wide
The dark wood line, where the birches keep
Candlemas all the summer tide;
The crags and the ledges, silverchased,
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced.
* * * * *
And watching his valley, the Profile grim
And a golden sunset watching him."

This famous hotel is at the south end of the Franconia Notch five to six miles south from the Profile House and 543 feet lower. It is also five miles from North Woodstock whence the "tally-ho" brings the guests over a road celebrated for its beauty. It belongs to the Profile House estate and is managed by Mr. Seth Elliott.

The table at the Flume House is of the best. The fame of the "dinner at the Flume House" is worldwide, and the house has always striven to sustain its high reputation among tourists. It can accommodate one hundred and fifty guests and is a favorite stopping place for visitors in the late fall when the larger hotels are closed.

The hotel has one of the most beautiful and restful sites in the mountains and is surrounded by fine bits of pasture and rock and water scenery. In front of the hotel and to the north is the noble line of the Franconia Mountains, Lafayette, rising from the deep pass on the left

(west), Lincoln, with its rugged crags, the balsam-clad Little Haystack, the ledgy crest of Liberty and the more distant peak of Flume Mountain, its sides marked by enormous slides. The peaks form a profile called "Washington lying in state." Mt. Liberty is the upturned face, the cliff being the nose and the ridges to the north forming the rest of the body. From the south balcony on the second floor, the fair valley of the Pemigewasset is seen in all its gleaming miles stretching away to Plymouth and flooded with glorious color every sunny afternoon. The rounded hills and misty peaks on the horizon beyond Plymouth, the light green of their pastures showing through the pale blue or pearly gray of the haze, shot through with golden light or flushed with rose color or crimson, seem like a great fire opal with its delicate changing glow.

"The view from the Flume House is a perpetual refreshment. There is no place among the mountains where the fever can be taken more gently and cunningly out of a worried or burdened brain. So soft and delicate are the general features of the outlook over the widening Pemigewasset valley! So rich the gradation of the lights over the miles of gently sloping forest that sweep down towards Campton! So pleasant the openings here and there that show a cluster of farmhouses and the bright beauty of cultivated meadows enclosed by the deeper green of the wilderness. . . . The three great peaks of the Lafayette range are in view and at evening one can see the glorious purple mount the forests that hang shaggy on their sides, extinguishing the green as completely as if the trees for miles had suddenly been clothed with amethyst; and then, chased by the shadow, retreat upward till it dyes the rocks with its harmless fire, and still upwards to the peaks, and then leaps to the clouds above." — *Starr King*.

The points of interest near by are the Flume, one mile; Pool, one-half mile; Langton's Cascade, one-half mile; Basin, one and one-half miles; Mt. Pemigewasset, one and one-half miles; Georgianna Falls, three miles; Profile House, five miles; Profile and Profile Lake, four and three-quarters miles; Echo Lake, five and one-half miles.

THE FLUME.

Nearly opposite the Flume House, near the barn, a smooth carriage road begins at a tollgate, with a quaint old sign telling the fares. The road passes through a charming forest of birch and maple, one-half mile, then drops down an exceedingly steep pitch, crosses the Pemigewasset by a covered bridge, and ends five hundred feet beyond, three-quarters of a mile from the Flume House, at a chalet where all kinds of interesting and beautiful souvenirs of the region have been sold, by Mr. and Mrs. Dolloff, for many years. Horses are left here. The entrance to the Flume is one-quarter mile beyond and one mile from the Flume House.

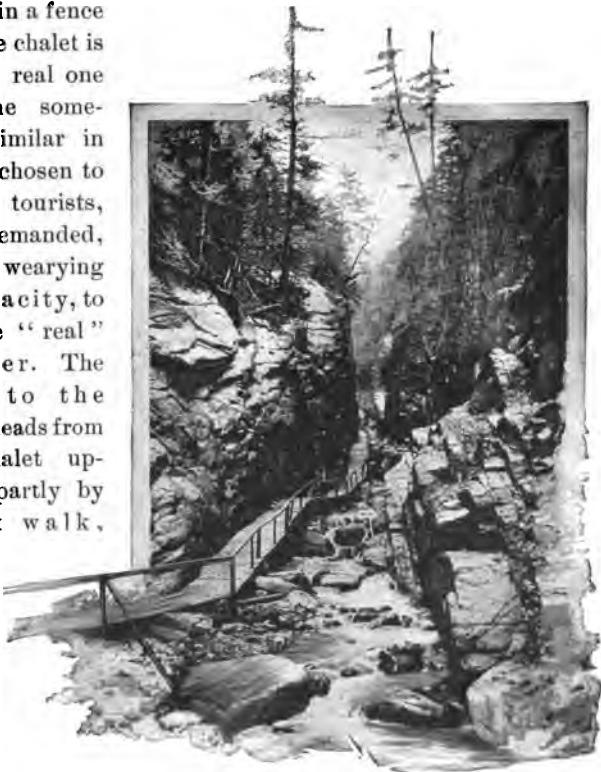
The Flume is a wonderful fissure in the side of Flume Mountain. It is about seven hundred feet long and its vertical sides rise up sixty or seventy feet above the brilliant little brook, which leaps down a foamy cascade at the upper end and goes dashing through the bottom of the gorge, the perpendicular and parallel sides of which are from ten to twenty feet apart. A plank walk leads up through the Flume, crossing the brook several times. At the upper end is a little cave under some boulders. From the rocks above the cascade a fine view is obtained of the Flume and the shapely peak of Mt. Pemigewasset framed by the wooded sides of the Flume ravine. The morning or forenoon is the best time to visit the locality.

The Flume was discovered many years ago by Mrs. Jessie Guernsey while fishing along the brook. Formerly, near the upper part of the Flume a great egg-shaped boulder was suspended between the narrow walls and was a most notable object, almost rivalling the Profile in its attraction for visitors, of whom not less than a million have visited the little gorge since its discovery, carrying its picture away



IN THE FLUME.

to all parts of the earth. In June, 1883, a cloudburst and mountain slide occurred, which swept from the side of Mt. Liberty* to Flume Brook, and turning a sharp angle, rushed down through the Flume. It lifted the hanging boulder from its place, carried it out of the gorge and buried it under thousands of tons of debris, which still is scattered over the valley from the Flume to the chalet. The boulder shown in a fence near the chalet is not the real one but one somewhat similar in shape, chosen to satisfy tourists, who demanded, with wearying pertinacity, to see the "real" boulder. The path to the Flume leads from the chalet upward, partly by plank walk,



ENTRANCE TO FLUME.

partly over the ledges, which are broad, slightly-tilted sheets of clean granite, over whose wavy hollows the water slips in a thin colorless sheet, tempting one to stop and play with the crystal rills. The flood of 1883 washed away all the exquisite ferns and mosses from the Flume, but nature is rapidly reclothing the seamed dark rocks with lines of delicate green, of fern frond and dainty flowers. The Flume is always cool and icy even in the hottest days, so narrow is the ravine into which the sun can penetrate only for an hour or so, morning and evening, and long in one's memory will remain the picture of the marvellous gorge.

“The woods are round us heaped and dim;
From slab to slab how it slips and springs,
The thread of water, single and slim,
Through the ravage a torrent brings.”

THE POOL.

The Pool is a profound chasm in the forest where the Middle Branch of the Pemigewasset river falls over a cascade into a deep basin surrounded by high cliffs. The path begins across the road from the Flume House at a sign marked “Pool,” and passes one-half mile over easy grades, through delightful woods filled with fern-clad, mossy boulders, to the edge of the chasm where a steep path and ladder-like stairways lead down to the edge of the water, weird in its dark shadows. The Pool is over one hundred feet in diameter and is fifty feet deep, though apparently only ten feet, so clear is the water. On the east side is a cliff one hundred and fifty feet high, with dainty ferns clinging in absolute security to its impassable sides. For many years, until about 1888, an eccentric, rural philosopher lived at the

Pool, rowing visitors about in a rude boat and amusing them with his quaint speculations and arguments that the earth was hollow and was a living creature that breathed. Some of his painted diagrams still show on the rocks near the cascade. At the top of the chasm on the west a short branch path leads to a mossy cave and an impressive view of the water and sheer precipices. Visitors should use great caution in approaching the edge.



THE POOL.

MOUNT PEMIGEWASSET

Is a low eminence behind the Flume House, on the west, on a high spur of Mt. Kinsman. A good path one and one-half miles (one-half hour), leads from the field north of the Flume House to the summit of Mt. Pemigewasset. The path is quite steep, but is quite quickly ascended through the cool and ancient forest. The path emerges on a line of ledges, whence a striking view is obtained of the Notch, and the rugged shoulders of Lafayette, and to the south the pleasant hills and farms of the Pemigewasset Valley. A most impressive cliff on the west of the summit falls vertically two hundred to three hundred feet to the tops of the forest trees which are themselves, sixty to one hundred feet high. The view on a moonlight night from the top of this vast cliff is awe inspiring.

MT. GARFIELD

Is the north end of the Franconia Range and is connected with Mt. Lafayette by a long ridge covered with dense thickets. It rises over a massive cliff two or three miles northeast of Lafayette. It was formerly, and is still often called the "Haystack," but was named Mt. Garfield, in honor of President Garfield. A path to the summit was built in 1897, by the Appalachian Mountain Club, making this fine peak accessible.

Leave the railroad from Profile House to Bethlehem Junction, on the upper or south side of the Gale's river bridge. Good log roads lead up three miles to the beginning of the blazed trail. Thence three miles more leads to the summit, six miles (three hours) from Gale's river bridge. One to one and one-half miles from the log roads is a refreshing brook and above are some crevices where ice is usually found in the hottest summer. A few rods below the ledgy peak on the east is a cool spring — the Potter Spring. The view down the valley of the Franconia Branch is very noble.

LANGTON'S CASCADES.

A few rods below the Pool a side brook joins the Pemigewasset from the east, over several graceful cascades. They are

named the Langton Cascades, in memory of a Mr. Langton, for many years a regular summer guest at the Flume House and an earnest lover of nature. The Appalachian Mountain Club path to Mt. Liberty climbs the slope beyond these cascades. Owing to the logging operations in this region this path will be probably abandoned and a new one cut in a better location. A temporary one has been marked to Mt. Liberty from Whitehouse's Mills using this path in the upper part. (See route to Mt. Liberty.)

MT. LAFAYETTE.

"Lafayette is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago."

Mt. Lafayette, the greatest of the Franconia mountains, is 5,259 feet high and is near the north end of the range. Like Mt. Washington, it has massive spurs and great ravines cutting far into the mass of the mountain, but it differs in the sharpness of lines and peaks, and the thin, keen profile of the summit ridges. Very narrow, rocky ridges extend north and south from the main peak. That to the north ends in one-half mile, at a fine nameless, subordinate peak (the north peak of Lafayette), with sheer cliffs overhanging Echo Lake and commanding a wide view. To the south there is a sharp, but easy descent to the ridge, which leads over the crags, in one mile to Mt. Lincoln. There has been some unnecessary confusion in the names. Years ago Mt. Lincoln was called the south peak of Lafayette. Later it was named, but still it is called frequently the south peak. The narrow crest line of the ridge slopes off sharply on either hand to the gulfs below, and is traversed by a singular path-like trench, which has been thought to be made by countless generations of animals passing along its summit.

The mountain was named in honor of the gallant and liberty-loving Marquis de Lafayette, friend of Washington,

whose memory is held dear to the heart of every true American. It is fitting that the two noblest peaks of the White Mountains should bear the names of the two greatest heroes of the Revolution.

The mountain was named about the time of the visit of Lafayette to this country in 1825. It was previously called the Great Haystack. A bridle path once ran to the summit, where a summit house was built on the peak, and sure-footed mountain ponies could be hired for the ascent. The house long since was destroyed and the "pony express, limited," was abandoned. Mt. Lafayette is usually preferred by mountaineers to the greater peak of Washington.

"Second only to Moosilauke, Lafayette exhibits in its great elevation, elegance of form and amplitude, a very rare combination of exquisite beauty and splendid sublimity."—*Pres. Dwight.*

"Lafayette is so differently related to the level country, as the Duke of Western Coos county, that the view from his upper shoulders and summit has an entirely different character from that which Mt. Washington commands. In the first place the Mt. Washington range is itself prominent in the landscape with its north and west braces and spurs. But it is the lowlands that are the glory of the spectacle which Lafayette shows his guests. The valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimac are spread west and south. With what pomp of color are their growing harvests inlaid upon the floor of New England!"—*Starr King.*

There are two paths to Mount Lafayette: the Profile path from the hotel and the old Bridle Path.

(1.) The Profile path begins across the road from the Profile House and enters the forest diagonally to the left. A zigzag path, filled with sand and rocks, ascends quickly the side of the gorge, south of Eagle Cliff. It passes an outlook (one-half to three-quarters mile), giving a glimpse of the Profile House far below, and reaches in one mile (1 hour) the notch or pass between Eagle Cliff and the main ridge. The path runs for one-quarter mile over a restful stretch of easy grade, beyond which another steep and breathless ascent begins, which leads up over a path full of rolling stones and ledges, past the profound depths of the White Cross Ravine on the

left (north) for another mile, to a plateau on the west spur of the mountain, where it meets the old bridle path coming in on the right (west), two and one-quarter miles from Profile House. The plateau is covered with copses of dense scrub, shoulder high, but gives a fine view to the north. The path descends a few rods to a swampy spot, with the Eagle Lake on the left (north). The water is brackish, but not unwholesome. The path soon attacks the main peak, through thickets gay with the delicate pink bells of the Twin Flower (*Linnaea Borealis*), the only flower to which the great botanist Linnaeus ever gave his name, which fill the air with a delicious fragrance. The path soon passes above the tree line and climbs for a mile, in wearisome windings, the bare, rocky shoulder, with rapidly widening views of the curving ridges to the north and south and fascinating prospects. Near the top is a bold rock, which seems to be the summit from below. At its base is a refreshing spring of clear, cold water beside the path. Beyond this rock the real summit appears and is reached in twenty minutes from the spring, three and three-quarters miles from the Profile House (three hours), near the walls of the old Summit House.

"And, breathless, we the summit gain,
Near rude-built walls of stone."

There is a spring, rarely dry, to the east of the summit and two hundred to three hundred feet below it. This path from the Profile House to the plateau was built as a more direct path for the guests, but

(2.) The old Bridle Path formerly began at Lafayette Place, the clearing two and one-half miles south of the Profile House on the road, and followed the only suitable route up the long, curving west spur, giving frequent outlooks and easy grades. This path, unused for forty years, was reopened in 1897 at the cost of the Appalachian Mountain Club and should invariably be chosen by visitors from the Flume House and from North Woodstock. The path leaves the road one-half mile south of the "halfway" clearing referred to, and one-quarter mile north of the Halfway House, formerly used as a booth for the sale of souvenirs by Mrs. Guernsey. At Dry

brook, at a sign marked "Path to Mts. Lafayette and Liberty," follow up fine log road one-quarter mile (fifteen minutes) to lumber camp, cross the brook (log bridge) and follow log roads, plainly marked in 1897 by signs where the road forks, one and one-half miles (three-quarters of an hour) to the woods, whence the course of the old Bridle Path is followed, still plain after forty years. This path leads up over some steep but comfortable grades, over knolls giving a succession of inspiring views to the east or west, and along many almost level stretches, one mile (one hour) to the plateau on the west spur where it meets the Profile path coming in from the left (northwest).

The route to the summit is the same as described in route 1. Distance from road at Dry brook to summit, four miles (three and one-half hours). The path is in all respects superior to the Profile path in ease, beauty of view and speed. One can walk from the Profile House down the road to Dry brook, and ascend Mt. Lafayette by this path without much fatigue, cheered by many views, and reach the junction of paths on the plateau by Eagle Lake, almost as soon as the ordinary climber would reach the summit by the more direct and shorter but fatiguing and viewless Profile path. A path leads south along the range to Mt. Lincoln (one mile, forty-five minutes) and the peaks beyond as far as Mt. Liberty. It is a most inspiring walk though it should be taken in reverse order, that is, going north so that the continually changing views of Lincoln and Lafayette may be always in sight.

The most superb day's climb in the whole region is to follow the path to Mt. Lincoln (See Mt. Lincoln) up the tremendous west spur, thence along the ridge to Mt. Lafayette and descend by the old Bridle Path to Dry brook. It has for the first time (1897) been made possible by a plainly marked path, to the ordinary climber, and will become famous and popular as soon as known. There are no paths to the north spur of Lafayette but the ridge is open and treeless, and the twenty to thirty minutes' easy walk to the peak rewards the climber richly.

The view from Lafayette is so noble and wide that only a large guide-book like Sweetser's "White Mountains" can

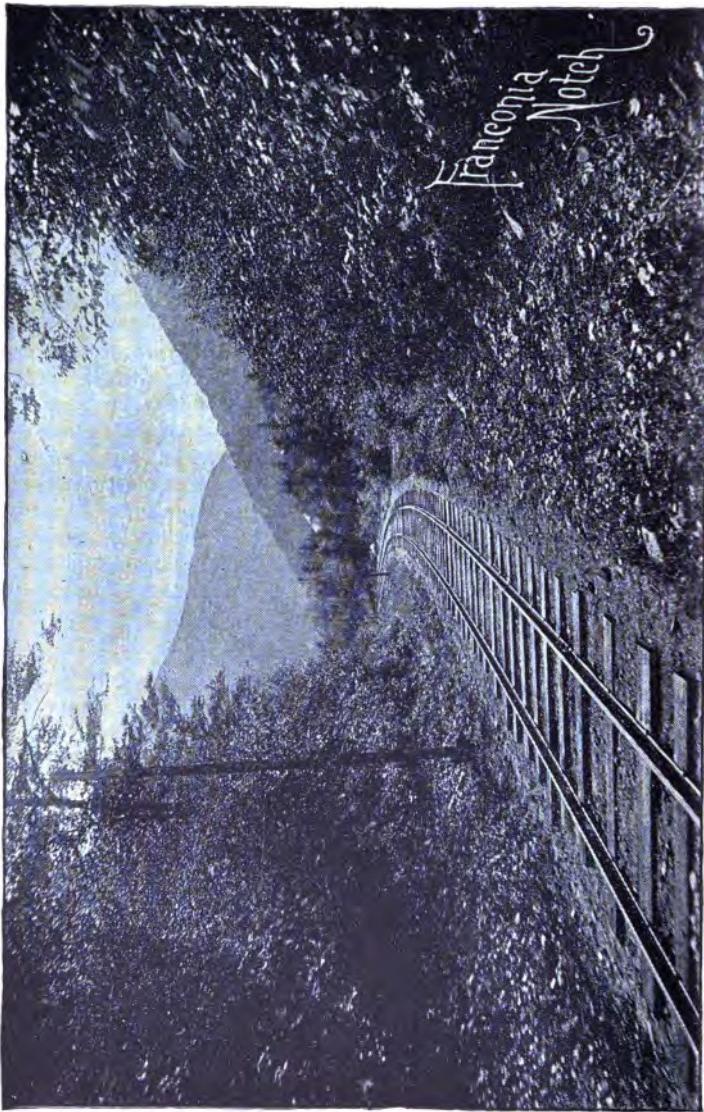
point out the hundreds of peaks and points of interest. The view briefly is as follows:—

To the northeast the bold cone of Mt. Garfield near at hand, to the east the great, wooded Twin range with Mts. North and South Twin, Guyot and Bond. Over the Twin range, the Field Willey range,—Mts. Tom, Field, Willey and the Crawford Notch. Above this chain the Presidential range, Mt. Washington, with house and railroad visible, showing over the Twin range. To its right, Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant, Clinton and part of Webster near Mt. Willey. To the left of Washington, the humps of Clay, the graceful Mt. Jefferson, and majestic Mt. Adams. To the east in the distance, Kiarsarge and Moat in North Conway. To the south beyond Mt. Bond, the massive Carrigain and far away the stately white peak of Chocorua and to the right the Waterville and Sandwich mountains, Tripyramid, Osceola, Tecumseh and Sandwich Dome. Also to the south near at hand the peaks of the Lafayette range, Lincoln, Little Haystack, Liberty, Flume, Osseo and Oweenee, and across the Notch, Cannon Mountain, the little Pemigewasset behind the Flume House, the blue peaks of Kinsman behind Cannon, and beyond the curving dome of Mt. Moosilauke with its white Summit House.

“And many a nameless, slide-scarred peak
And pine-dark gorge between.”

MT. LINCOLN.

Mt. Lincoln is the noble peak, one mile south of Mt. Lafayette (formerly called the south peak). It was named in honor of President Lincoln. It is 5,100 feet high and is the sharpest, most ideal mountain spire to be found. Its ridges, at times narrowing to the path, fall sharply down to impressive gorges and its crags often demand cautious and severe climbing on hands and knees. Its view is about the same as from Lafayette, with the mighty mass of Lafayette added. The new path cut in 1897 makes this splendid peak accessible to climbers with strong muscles and cool



Fræncoria
Notch

heads. No others should attempt to climb to it except along the ridge from Lafayette, which is not difficult, but one misses the climb up the glorious west spur of Mt. Lincoln.

The path to Mt. Lincoln leaves the road at Dry Brook at sign marked "Mt. Lafayette and Mt. Lincoln." A fine log road leads in one-quarter mile (fifteen minutes) to a lumber camp. Cross the brook, log bridge; follow log road a short distance to sign "Mt. Lincoln" on right of road (east); follow log roads (well marked in 1897) to wood path two miles (one and one-quarter hours); climbing a steep slope. In one-half mile (one-half hour) a spring is reached near path on right under a shelving rock; not found in dry weather. Beyond the spring the path soon rises above the tree line through a steep scramble and climbs up the knife edge of the west spur of Lincoln. The slopes fall sharply on either hand to the tremendous ravines far below. These crags must be climbed with much care as stones are loose and the cliffs are very abrupt. The summit is reached three and three-quarters miles from road (three and one-half hours). A path leads along the ridge to Mt. Lafayette, one mile (forty-five minutes).

LITTLE HAYSTACK

Is a peak on the ridge one mile south of Mt. Lincoln (forty-five minutes). It shows as a shapely green peak from the Flume House, but looks like a slightly serrated shoulder as seen from North Woodstock. It has a broad view, but is of no interest except as a point on the walk along the ridge. It is one and one-half miles (one and one-half hour) north of Mt. Liberty, with a deep col with ragged sides between the peaks.

MT. LIBERTY.

Mt. Liberty is the stately peak which rises directly in front of the Flume House, its massive cliff showing above the dark forests below. It is the principal peak in the view from North Woodstock, showing in almost faultless outline against the northern sky. The view from its summit rivals the view from Lafayette and in many respects, surpasses it.

A path to the summit was cut by the Appalachian Club some years ago, which followed the path to the Pool, crossed the brook and climbed directly up the mountain. The path was clear until the lumbering of the last few years has covered many rods with debris. A temporary path has been marked to this above the log clearings from Whitehouse's Mills. Distance, four miles (three hours). In a few years, when the lumbering in this region is ended, a new path will be constructed. The road from Whitehouse's Mills is passable, but one must be on the alert not to miss his way in the maze of logging roads. Clark's Spring, everflowing, is on this path one-quarter mile from top of ridge.

A plain path (new in 1897) leads from Liberty north to Little Haystack, one and one-half miles, one hour, crossing a deep and rough col. After Mt. Lafayette and Mt Lincoln, Mt. Liberty should be ascended by every climber.



FLUME, LOOKING DOWN.

FLUME MOUNTAIN.

Mt. Flume is the remote wooded peak to the south of, and partly behind Mt. Liberty. It shows, seen from the



CASCADE, ABOVE THE FLUME.

Flume House, a large irregular slide now beginning to heal over. It is a sharp cone, the apex not more than twenty feet in diameter, the west side falling down an almost impassably steep slope to the ravine of Flume Brook.

Follow up the brook which flows through the Flume one and one-half miles from the Flume to the foot of the great slide on Flume Mountain (one and one-half hour). Thence climb directly up the slide, one hour. As the slide is an old one most of the loose material has been washed down and while

often at a steep angle it is an exhilarating climb. It is safe, if caution is used, where the rocks may be wet. From the top of the slide, bear to the left (northeast), and climb up the ever-rising slope till the summit is reached (no path) in thirty minutes. The view is interesting.

Flume Mountain is separated from Mt. Liberty by a tangled, very deep ravine and col filled with dense thickets of "scrub" but a long ridge with easy grades leads through the woods (no path, follow the crest of the ridge) two miles (two hours) to the wooded peak of Osseo.

OSSEO PEAK

Is the striking, sharp, slide-scarred peak, falling abruptly to the west and south, which shows from North Woodstock to the right of the twin summits of Big Coolidge Mountain, near Pollard's and Henryville. It is wooded, but glimpses can be obtained through the trees or from the top of a slide. A few hours' work with an axe would give a noble prospect to the west and east, over the great Pemigewasset wilderness.

Osseo Peak is reached by following the railroad from Henryville or Pollard's, two and one-half miles to Clear Brook; then up the brook, two miles, and then one-half mile directly up the peak; no path. There are plain and smooth log roads, which can be followed beside the brook to the base of the final peak; but the brook should be followed, if time permits, as it is very beautiful.

Osseo is an Indian name for "Son of the Evening Star," so named because of a bright star that rises above it, as seen from North Woodstock.

Osseo Peak is usually called by the farmers by the meaningless name of "Whaleback" which the mountain does not resemble. The name "Osseo Peak" was approved by the Appalachian Club in 1890, and should be used.

OWEEENE RIDGE.

One-quarter mile south of Osseo Peak is a high, light-green ridge, covered mostly with a hardwood growth of birch and maple. It is not worth visiting, but is a very slight peak from North Woodstock. It is usually called Potash Mountain, from a curious knob on its south slope, which resembles the bottom of an inverted, old-fashioned kettle used in making potash, whence its name. The peak is worthy a better name and the name, "Oweenee Ridge" is suggested for it, leaving the knob referred to, to be distinguished by the name "Potash Knob" as not objectionable and preserving the local name. The names "Osseo and Oweenee" are taken from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

"Tall and straight and strong and handsome,
Thus Osseo was transfigured;
But alas for good Osseo
And for Oweenee the faithful!
With a staf' she tottered onward
Bowed and wrinkled, old and ugly . . .
But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand as brown and withered
As an oak leaf is in winter;
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,
Soothed her with soft words of kindness
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam
Sacred to the 'Star of Evening,'
Sacred to the Star of Woman."

(See "Nenemoosha Rocks" under title "North Woodstock.")

Potash Knob is a conical ledge east of Big Coolidge, across the ravine of the Clear Brook, and is the end of the Oweenee Ridge. The view is not worth the climb which is hard and risky.

“ Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
 Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
 The maple’s red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
 Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
 The golden water flow.
A lover’s claim is mine on all
 I see to have and hold,
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
 And sunsets never cold !”

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE Editor presents this guide book to his friends and the public as an attempt to supply a needed handy guide book to the Franconia Notch and the Pemigewasset Valley. It is, in many respects, a preliminary guide, for the paths in the region are mostly unmeasured, unmarked by signs, and need much clearing and repairs, and many interesting points have no paths as yet cut to them. There is no reliable map of the Notch and Valley, except one of the mountain summits, issued by the Appalachian Club some years ago, and there is confusion, repetition and vagueness in the names of the mountains and streams which need correction.

It is the intention of the Editor to issue an entirely new edition of this guide in a year or so, and would therefore be grateful to any one who will kindly send him information of errors of any kind in this guide, information and description of new names, paths, points of interest which may be made accessible in the future, to the end that the guide may be clear, accurate and complete in its information regarding the Notch and the Valley. Please send any such information to F. O. Carpenter, 25 Montview St., West Roxbury, Mass.

The Editor expresses his thanks to the many persons who have aided him by their knowledge of the region, and also to the gentlemen who have kindly loaned most of the beautiful plates of views shown in this book, among whom are Mr. Chas. H. Greenleaf of the Profile House, Mr. E. H. Sanborn of the "Stag and Hounds," Elliott & Adams of the Pemigewasset House, J. C. Blair & Son, Mr. H. C. Russell and Mr. G. W. Storer of the B. & M. R.R.

If this guide shall lead to a wider knowledge and love of the beautiful Valley and noble Notch the Editor will be content, for he believes that the author did not speak too enthusiastically who said:—

"Doubtless God might have made a more beautiful region than the Pemigewasset Valley and the Franconia Notch, but it is equally certain God never did."

APPENDIX.

MOUNTAINEERING.

" A day on the hills, true king am I,
In my solitude public to earth and sky;
Fret inhales not this atmosphere,
Winged thoughts only can follow here;
Folly and falsehood and babble stay
Somewhere, in the ground smoke far away."

The upper Pemigewasset Valley and the Franconia Notch contain many noble peaks for the enthusiastic mountaineer, which equal the loftier peaks of the Presidential Range in their difficulty of ascent and surpass them in beauty of view. Nowhere in the White Mountains is there so sharp and Alpine a ridge with so narrow a crest and such abrupt slopes as the northern part of the Lafayette Range, where the hard porphyritic rock has been more sharply chiseled and has yielded less to erosion than the granite of the other peaks. The massive cliffs of Cannon Mountain are only equalled by Mt. Webster in the Crawford Notch and the walls of Huntington's Ravine. The tangled thickets of "scrub" spruce and fir on the almost waterless Lafayette and Twin ranges exhaust the energy and vocabulary of the most experienced climbers, while the steep, lower slopes still covered with noble forests which the axe of the lumberman has not yet destroyed, affords full scope for expert "woodcraft," and the rest of the tired mountaineer or fisherman on the fragrant balsam boughs beside the mountain brooks abounding in trout, in forests where bear and deer still roam, satisfies the imagination as well as the senses, which in the true mountaineer, long so much for nature in her wildness.

From North Woodstock as a centre, one can reach a large number of mountain peaks of all grades of difficulty, some near at

hand an easy half day's stroll, others so remote that miles of pathless forest must be traversed before their bases are reached in the wilderness.

Easy climbs — Parker's Ledge, Russell Crag, Loon Pond Mountain, Grand View, Mountainside, Mt. Cilley, Mt. Pemigewasset, Bald Mountain.

Hard climbs — Lafayette, Lincoln, Liberty, Flume, Cannon, Garfield, Moosilauke, Osseo, Path to Waterville, Lost River.

Severe and distant — Kinsman, Mt. Bond and Twin Mountains, Carrigain.

All of the easy climbs and most of the hard ones can be taken by the amateur, who should not attempt at first the hard or severe peaks. The easy climbs need no guide. Of the hard ones, Lafayette, Cannon and Moosilauke do not need a guide, but it should be a cardinal principle for the amateur *never to start alone* for a hard mountain or without an experienced mountaineer as companion.

The only experienced guide to the Franconia Mountains and the surrounding forests is Mr. Franklin P. Clark of North Woodstock, whose expert woodcraft, great strength and thorough knowledge of the peaks and forests combine to make a most trusty and reliable guide and pleasant companion on a mountain climb or a fishing trip. His terms are two to three dollars per day. He is the guide who is employed by the Appalachian Mountain Club, whenever one is needed in the Franconia region or to cut new paths.

Mr. William Pollard of North Woodstock is an experienced guide for the East Branch Wilderness.

For the region south and west of North Woodstock, from Loon Pond Mountain to Moosilauke, Mr. R. C. Jackman of North Woodstock is the best acquainted with the points of interest and is enthusiastic, skilful and reliable. Terms, two to three dollars per day. The men who know the region best, with the exception of Mr. Clark and Mr. Jackman, are a number of the summer cottagers, who come each year to the valley, and for whom a view of the Notch and Valley is a map of the wanderings of their tireless feet on rugged summit or in tangled forests. These are Prof. Karl P. Harrington, Mr. E. K. Alden, Mr. W. S. C. Russell, and Mr. Frank O. Carpenter. Their knowledge and experience and advice

are freely put at the service of the amateur who may need or wish to consult them.

Mountaineers should always be provided with cup, knife, matches, canteen and compass. A walking stick is not needed as an aid in climbing mountain paths. There are no very trusty maps but the Appalachian Club issues one of summits which is correct. A field glass is not usually needed and is an added weight. Fire arms are not needed in this Franconia region. In camping out one should be exceedingly careful that all fires are completely extinguished before breaking camp. The ordinary speed of walking in woods or on mountain is a mile an hour. If one gets lost in the woods, he should remember that "ridges lead to summits, streams lead down to civilization" and the open farms, and except in the East Branch Wilderness, if he will follow down the brooks he will get safely out in a few hours.

If night overtakes him, let him sit down and wait for daylight as night travel is very slow and exhausting. The woods are perfectly safe and free from harmful animals. One can see to travel by three or four o'clock in the morning. Inexperienced climbers should follow the paths and not try "short cuts." Paths are marked by "blazes" or "spots" which are axe cuts on the trees. A line through the tree from one blaze to the spot on the opposite side shows the direction of the path. In July the flies in the woods are at times annoying, but they may be kept at a distance by Hind's Black Fly Cream liberally used, or the more disagreeable tar ointments.

One should be careful to drink but little water while climbing, as the stomach overloaded with water often gives out under the great muscular strain, unusual to most summer tourists, and the person becomes a drag to himself and the party.

In resting on a mountain climb do not sit down, as the knees get stiff in that position. Lie flat on the ground or best of all lean against a tree. One is usually more fatigued by the rapid breathing and heart action than by muscular weariness, and a few minutes' halt till the heart beats slower is all that is needed in most cases.

Weak or sick people should not try mountain climbing, but for the strong, the hard struggle against nature up the steep slopes with the rich reward of far-reaching view at the top is an ever increasing attraction and delight.

HUNTING AND FISHING.

There is but little game left in the Franconia region. Deer are quite plenty in the East Branch Wilderness; an occasional bear is shot and partridge and rabbit are to be found in some localities, but the hunter should seek for his so-called "sport" the far-away woods of Maine.

There is fishing, however, to be enjoyed from Plymouth to Mt. Garfield, beyond the Notch, and from any village in the valley a half day's tramp will take the eager fisherman to secluded mountain lake or distant forest stream, where the "tenderfoot" never comes, and where in the dark, still pools the swift darting trout await the fly of the wily angler, who to give notice of his arrival,

" Still finds the most convenient way,
Is just to drop a line."

Mr. Scott N. Weeks of North Woodstock is best acquainted with the various lakes and streams where the best fishing is found.

SUMMER COTTAGES.

There are as yet but few summer cottages in the valley. Some city people have bought abandoned farms and improved them and several new cottages have been built. The prices for land are excessive. The farmer asks the cottager to pay him \$300 to \$400 an acre for land that he will sell to another farmer for \$40 or \$50 an acre, and is surprised the cottager does not buy.

When the people of the valley realize that the cottager is a temporary citizen, of permanent value to the town, to be encouraged and attracted and not merely a source of revenue to be drained to the last possible drop, hundreds of pretty cottages will spring up as by magic on the most picturesque sites in the valley and thousands of dollars of money will flow annually into the villages.

In and about North Woodstock the cottages are those of Miss Cummings and Mr. E. K. Alden on the slighty plateau west of the Russell House; Dr. Cates on the ridge west of the Mountain View; that of Miss Chevalier near the Fairview; Quisesana, the summer home of Prof. Karl P. Harrington, on the north slope of Parker's Ledge, and Ferncliff, the estate of Mr. Frank O. Carpenter,

on a slight knoll south of the Moosilauke brook. Miss Rotherwood, one-half mile south of the Fairview, Mr. Shaw on the "Lockoff Farm," one mile south of the Fairview, Col. H. N. Fisher, beside the Moosilauke brook, Mr. Chas. F. Pierce at "Feldmont," two and one-half miles south of North Woodstock, near "Birch Tree View," and Rev. J. E. Johnson at "Mountainside," near Agassiz Basin, have bought and improved abandoned farms.

ROUTES, ETC.

The Franconia Notch and Pemigewasset Valley are reached *via* the Boston & Maine R.R. to Plymouth, the Pemigewasset Valley R.R. to North Woodstock, and stages to the Flume and Profile Houses. One may also reach the Profile House by railroad from Bethlehem Junction.

Trains for North Woodstock and the other towns in the valley leave the North Union Station, Causeway street, Boston, as follows:—

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
LEAVE Boston	9.00.....	9.30.....	1.15.....	5.00.....	8.00
ARRIVE Plymouth	12.45.....	1.10.....	5.15.....	9.00.....	11.51
LEAVE Plymouth.....	1.30.....	1.30.....	5.35.....	*	8.15 A.M.
ARRIVE No. Woodstock	2.20.....	2.20.....	6.25.....	*	9.00

RETURNING.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
LEAVE No. Woodstock	7.00.....	11.00.....	3.15.....	3.15
ARRIVE Boston	12.25.....	4.45.....	8.30	9.37

Sunday trains cancelled for 1898.

The American Express is the only one which has agents in the valley. The Boston office is at 45 Franklin street, and there is an agent at each depot. Packages must be paid for before being delivered. Express money orders are a very convenient way to carry or send money and perfectly safe. They can be cashed at any express office or bank. They are more convenient than post-office money orders. Checks should not be used except bank or certified checks. Personal checks will not be taken by hotel keepers unless the drawer is well known and then unwillingly.

Telegraph and long distance telephones are to be found at all the larger hotels and villages.

HEALTH.

The Pemigewasset Valley is a perfect health resort. Malaria is unknown. Hay fever sufferers find instant and permanent relief. The drinking water is of remarkable purity and the drainage is in most cases sanitary.

The water in the streams in the Upper Pemigewasset Valley is so cold that it is unwise to bathe in them except for the most robust constitutions. But one very rarely catches cold from exposure to rain in the mountain country. The pure, bracing air full of the balsam of pine, spruce and fir is a constant and health-giving tonic.

CLOTHING.

Ordinary summer clothing is all that is needed, with the addition of a light overcoat or jacket, for June, July, August and September, but a suit of winter flannels shoud be taken as a precaution. Ladies should take a warm shawl or cloak and one dress of winter weight. Those who plan to spend the night on Washington or Moosilauke, should have heavy wraps; rubber coats and overshoes should be always taken, as frequent heavy showers occur. Shoes should be stout, as ordinary shoes soon go to pieces on mountain paths and do not protect the feet sufficiently. A pocket drinking cup and knife are a continual necessity for the most casual traveller.

BICYCLING.

The roads and grades in the valley are fairly smooth and easy for bicycles, except after heavy rains, and the greater part of the distance can be comfortably ridden. There are repair shops at Plymouth and North Woodstock.

ALTITUDES.

Washington	6,283	Kinsman	4,377	Cushman	3,326
Adams.....	5,819	Osceola	4,352	Paugus.....	3,248
Jefferson	5,736	Flume	4,340	Willard	2,570
Clay.....	5,564	Clinton	4,331	Pemigewasset	2,561
Monroe	5,396	Willey	4,313	Prospect	2,072
Madison	5,381	Tripyramid	4,189	Red Hill	2,038
Lafayette	5,269	Passaconaway	4,116	Profile House	1,974
Lincoln	5,098	4,107	Flume House	1,431
Franklin.....	4,923	Waternomee	4,096	No. Woodstock900
S. Twin	4,922	Whiteface	4,057	Campton594
Moosilauke	4,810	Tecumseh	4,008	Plymouth473
N. Twin	4,783	Sandwich Dome	3,999	Waterville1,553
Pleasant	4,781	Webster	3,930	Bethlehem1,450
Bond.....	4,709	Scar Ridge	3,816	Gorham812
Carrigain	4,701	Huntington	3,731	Jefferson1,430
Guyot	4,589	Carr	3,652	N. Conway516
Garfield	4,526	Hitchcock	3,600	Centre Harbor553
Garfield (Haystack)	4,520	Chocorua	3,508	Crawford's1,889
Liberty	4,472	Weich	3,500	Fabyan's1,571
Hancock	4,434	Kinneo	3,427		

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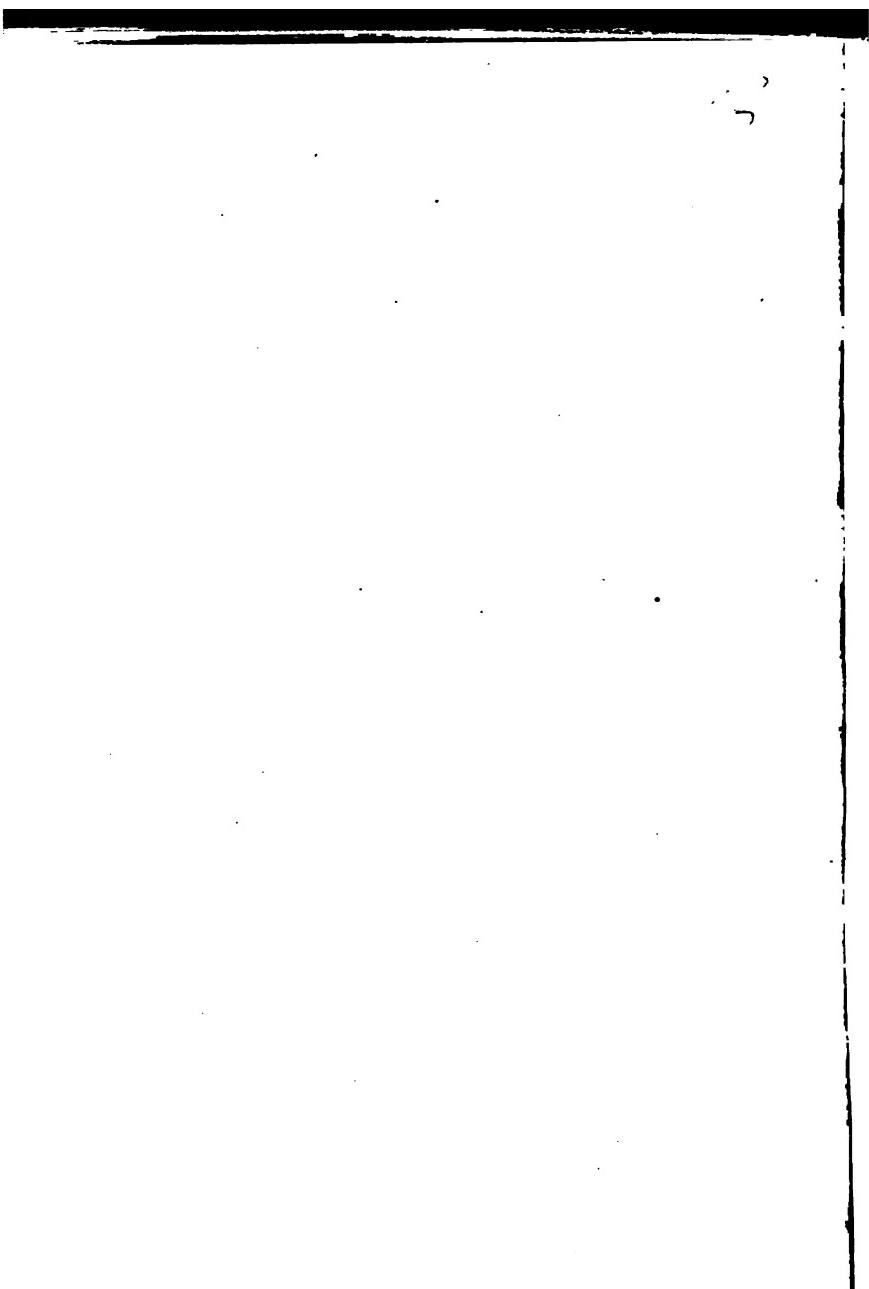
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